

Personal Notes

Miss Helen Klegg, of Everett, spent Monday in Bedford.

Miss Charlotte Putt, of Saxton, Pa., spent Wednesday in Bedford.

Miss Anna Blackburn is visiting relatives and friends in Bedford.

Mr. W. H. Kramer was calling on Bedford friends last Thursday.

Mr. John W. Harclerode, of Lutzville, was in Bedford on Tuesday.

Mr. Robert Hackett is a guest at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hackett.

Mr. Jack Prosser, of Philadelphia, Pa., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Prosser.

Prof. Stauffer, member of Bedford High School faculty is spending the Christmas vacation at his home in Lancaster.

Dr. Americus Enfield who has been ill the past month is again able to be out.

Miss Margaret Pepple, teacher in schools at Johnstown is visiting her mother, Mrs. James Pepple.

Mr. Stanford Cuppett, of East Penn St., was an Altoona visitor on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Shuck, of Ligonier, spent the week with relatives here.

Messrs. Glen and Rae Longenecker of State College, are visiting friends in Bedford.

Mr. N. W. Earnest, of Wolfburg, was transacting business at the county seat on Wednesday.

Mr. Roy Bollman, of Defiance, Pa., was a business visitor to Bedford on Tuesday.

Mr. W. D. Koontz, of Lutzville, Pa., was a caller at the Gazette office on Wednesday.

Miss Amanda Mann, of Wolfburg, Pa., was a Bedford visitor on Monday.

Mr. H. D. Detwiler, of Saxton, Pa., was transacting business in Bedford on Monday.

Mr. Mark Howsare, of Chaneyville was a caller at the Gazette Office on Tuesday.

Mr. Ira D. Long, of Pittsburgh, is spending the Christmas vacation here with his family.

Mr. George Nevitt, of Lutzville, Pa., was a business visitor to Bedford on Saturday.

Mr. Richard Feight, of Edgewood, Pa., is spending the Christmas holidays here with his mother, Mrs. Lilian Feight.

Mr. Lantz Knight, of Sunbury, Pa., spent the first of the week here with his saunts, the Misses Knight, on East Penn Street.

Prof. Roy S. Claycomb, formerly of Bedford Township, now of New Jersey accompanied by his mothers was visiting in Bedford on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Rice, of Robinsonville, visited relatives in Bedford and Curry the first of the week.

Mr. Charles Hollar, of Mann's house, who has been seriously ill the past week, suffering an attack of leureisy, is greatly improved.

Miss Margaret Metzger, of Cambridge, Mass., is a guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Metzger.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carreau, of New York City, are guests at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ross A. Stiver.

Misses Abigail, of Philadelphia and Nora Blackburn, of Altoona, are guests at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Blackburn.

Mr. Earl Lawrence, of Oberlin, O., spending the Christmas vacation here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Lawrence.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonza Minnich, of West Street, are spending some time at the home of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Dennison, of Harrisburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Cook and daughter, Miss Florence of Cessna, and Mr. Humphrey Ewig, of Jerome are Bedford visitors on Wednesday.

The large number of trucks heaped high with Christmas trees which passed through town the past week attracted considerable attention.

Mr. William Penrose who is attending Pierce Business School at Philadelphia, Pa., is visiting relatives and friends in Bedford and Ann's Choice.

Mrs. Robert A. Nicholson of Charleston, W. Va., arrived last Saturday, spend the holidays at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. George Marloff on East Penn Street.

Miss Ruth Holderbaum employee of the local office of the State Highway Department, is spending the Christmas vacation with her mother, Mrs. Carrie Holderbaum, of Bedford township.

Pennsylvania Gains in Grain Markets

Pennsylvania farmers realized \$13,000,000 more on their wheat and oats this year than in 1923, according to the Sears-Roebuck Agricultural Foundation which reports that the national increase, in grain values amount to \$550,000,000. Oats alone were responsible for a gain of millions, while wheat brought farmers of this state an added 8 1/2 millions over last year, the report states.

While the Pennsylvania corn crop for 1924 fell considerably below that of the normal year, wheat increased about 2,000,000 bushels and oats 2,500,000 bushels. The combined value of corn, wheat and oats for 1924 is over \$114,000,000 as compared to \$101,000,000 in 1923, despite of a corn crop that was worth less than last year.

The yield per acre on corn in Pennsylvania the report states, dropped to 32 bushels per acre as a result of unfavorable weather, and the loss per bushel to the farmer was 16 cents as compared with 13 the year before. The wet days on the other hand, were a great help to the wheat and oats production, the former rising to 20.6 bushels per acre as compared with 19 the year before, and the latter to 31.4 from 29 in 1923. The profit per bushel of wheat this year was 1 cent where a 34 cent loss was taken last year and a 5 cent loss in oats for the 25 cent loss of the preceding year.

The increased yield per acre of small grain and the increased price per bushel on all grains had aided materially in restoring the farmer to a better financial basis, the Foundation report concludes. The higher grain prices have resulted in higher live stock prices and this has brought a new vitality to agriculture. However, it will take better prices still to put corn, wheat and oats farmers on a safe production basis.

Shannon Yarnell, J. Howard Corle, and J. Lloyd Jokes of Pavia, represented Union township at the school directors' convention held in connection with the meetings of the county teachers' institute last week.

E. Howard Blackburn was in Altoona last Thursday to attend the funeral of George A. Hahn, whose wife, Mrs. Minnie Miller Hahn, is a cousin of Mrs. Blackburn and a native of Bedford county.

Among the citizens of East Providence township who transacted business at the county seat recently were Sylvester, Ritchey of Rays Cove and Scott Layton and J. Rush Nyeum of Breezewood.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Swartzwelder of Albright, W. Va., Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Naus and Paul Naus, of Altoona, Pa., and Mr. Frank Naus, student of Commercial School at Harrisburg, Pa., are guests at the home of their parents Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Naus.

Mr. A. M. White, manager of the local office of the State Highway Department accompanied by his wife and daughter Mary Elizabeth, left on Wednesday for New York City, where he will spend the holidays with his mother.

Mrs. Sara Van Horn Cowan of Everett, formerly of Snake Spring valley, is a patient in the Western Maryland hospital, Cumberland, where last Monday she underwent a successful surgical operation for the removal of goitre.

George C. Eicholtz and Jacob L. Baker, jury commissioners of Bedford county are engaged in filling the jury box with names of jurors for the coming year. They are being assisted by their clerk, Harry C. Hoover, of Springhope, who has had several years experience in the work, and expect to finish their duties some time next week.

Uniontown.—An increase in wages of approximately 25 per cent to several thousand employees was announced by the independent coal and coke companies operating in the Connellsville coke region. The new scale, which is the same as now in force at plants of the H. C. Frick Coke Company, fuel subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, was said by operators to be the equivalent of the present wage scale in the union coal fields.

Granville.—William Proch sustained a fracture of the left arm when his automobile back fired as he cranked it.

Mount Carmel.—Mount Carmel Macons re-elected George McFee to the trusteeship for the fortieth time.

Pittsburgh.—Miss Catharine Hitz, a domestic employed in a local hospital died from the effects of poison she swallowed.

STUDENTS HOME FROM COLLEGE

Quite a number of the young people of our town, who are attending colleges at various places, are spending the Christmas vacation at their respective homes here. Following are the names of some of them:

Misses Helen Cuppett and Elizabeth Diehl, Hood College; Judith McMullin, University of Akron; Elizabeth Madore and Marion Davidson, Dickinson College; Mary Smith, Mount Holyoke College; Catharine Litzinger, Barnard College; Margaret Litzinger, Drexel University; Nellie Wagner, Florence Hammer and Louise Cessna, Harrisburg Commercial School; Louise Allen and Thelma Morse, Juniata College; Charlotte Brightbill, Bryan-King; Evelyn Cessna, Indiana State Normal; Helen Fletcher, Swarthmore College; and Helen Enfield, Goucher College; Messrs. David Wolfe, Massanutten Military Academy; Alvin Irvine, Mercersburg Academy; Clarence Leo, State College; Harry Brightbill, Washington-Jefferson College; Robert Madore, Dickinson College; Austin Wright, Haverford College; Colvin Wright, University of Pennsylvania Law School; Jack Middleton, State College and Paul Wadsworth, Ohio Northern University.

MINISTER GETS CALL

Rev. Raymond L. Markley, of Altoona has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Lutheran church at Everett. He has been located at Highspire, Dauphin county, the past two years. He will take up the work at Everett on Jan. 1.

Rev. Markley is a graduate of Gettysburg college and seminary and has been in the ministry for six years, his first charge being at Fayetteville. During the World war he served as a chaplain in the army overseas.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Edmund G. Manges, of Central City, Pa., and Lottie Erna Shroyer, of Londonderry Township.

Charles E. Schlosser, of Johnstown, Pa., and Mary Ruth Corley, of Madley, Pa.

Humphrey Ewig, of Jerome, Pa., and Florence Cook, of Cessna, Pa.

REPORTS OF BANKS IN THIRD FEDERAL RESERVE DISTRICT

Christmas Savings Clubs and other Savings Deposits in the Third Federal Reserve District

Issued by Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia.

The reports of 994 banks in the Third Federal Reserve District show that 727, or 73 per cent, maintained Christmas savings clubs during 1924. They report a total of \$33,861,000 available for distribution this year, as compared with \$28,587,000 in 1923, a gain of 19 per cent. Complete reports on both deposits and the number of depositors were received from 893 banks, with the results as summarized below:

	1923	1924
Pennsylvania	474,228	579,367
New Jersey	97,776	105,030
Delaware	3,114	7,574
Total Third District	578,118	691,971
Amount of depositors.		
Pennsylvania	\$21,145,103	\$25,172,491
New Jersey	\$4,632,082	\$4,970,204
Delaware	222,625	262,112
Totals—Third District	\$25,999,810	\$30,404,807

(*That part of state located within Third Federal Reserve District) As the number of depositors increased more than the amount of deposits, a decrease in the average deposit from \$44.97 to \$43.34 resulted. Christmas savings deposits in Philadelphia increased from \$5,322,000 to \$7,435,000, or 40 per cent, according to reports received from 108 banks. Sixty-seven banks in that city conducted clubs during 1924.

In addition to data on Christmas savings, the banks were requested to furnish information on other savings deposits. The total for 994 banks in the Third Federal Reserve District in December, 1924 was \$1,064,939,000, as against \$967,671,000 a year before, an increase of 10 per cent. Reports received from 829 banks, which gave both the number of accounts and the amount of deposits, indicate an increase in the former of 8.7 per cent and in the latter—9.0 per cent. The average size of the deposit increased from \$401 to \$402.

Not Always on Left Side

The heart is not situated entirely on the left side of the body as is believed by most people. It is in real fact located between the right and left sides of the chest.

AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION MEETS

The Pennsylvania agricultural commission, appointed under resolution of the state legislature of 1923, to inquire into farming conditions in the state and to obtain information and suggestions upon which to base legislation to improve agricultural life and interests in the commonwealth held a hearing last Wednesday in the Hotel Pennsylvania. The visiting commissioners included Senator Horace W. Schartz of Lehigh county, chairman, and State Representatives Oscar D. Stark, Wyoming county, Miss Martha G. Thomas, Chester county, W. Albertson Haines, Bucks county, and Albert E. Rinn, Lehigh county. Among the citizens of the county who were present and spoke on the questions under consideration were former Lieutenant Governor John M. Reynolds, F. J. Heacock, W. F. Biddle, J. Anson Wright, Ralph Hoover, Samuel E. Lee, and County Agent L. R. Mallenauer. The discussion dwelt chiefly upon the topics of taxation, methods of assessment, public highways, marketing of produce, and farm labor.

ADMITTED TO HOSPITAL

Tobias Steel, aged 48, of New Enterprise, was admitted to the Mercy hospital at Altoona Sunday suffering with a severe case of appendicitis and peritonitis. He was operated upon immediately and his condition is regarded as good.

John H. Guyer, a farmer and butcher east of Woodbury, was admitted to the Nason hospital at Roaring Spring last Monday, suffering with blood poison in his hand. Recently Mr. Guyer scratched his hand, not thinking of anything serious paid little attention to the wound, until it began to be very painful and showed infection. He was admitted to the hospital where an operation was performed last Tuesday evening after which he seemed to rest easier.

DEEDS RECORDED

Albert C. Blough to Anna M. Blough, South Woodbury Twp., tract \$50.

Jacob Furry to Geo. M. C. Fox, New Enterprise, lot \$140.

Samuel L. Buck to Sarah B. Guyer, New Enterprise, lot \$600.

Sarah B. Guyer to Minnie Guyer, New Enterprise, lot \$1425.

Hattie M. Claycomb to Rebecca Weyant, East St. Clair Twp., land \$1.

Rebecca Weyant to Wm. P. Miller, East St. Clair Twp., land \$4000.

Carrie Fleagle to Wm. A. Stultz, Napier Twp., tract \$1500.

Wm. A. Stultz to Morris I. M. Angus, Napier Twp., tract \$1100.

Wm. K. Carper to Leone Sell, Woodbury Twp., tract \$1.

Leone Sell to Wm. K. Carper, Woodbury Twp., tract \$1.

Ross A. Reed to Salhe M. Reed, Snake Spring Twp., 3 lots \$1.

Simon E. Nunamaker to Charles F. Nunamaker, Napier Twp., 2 tracts \$500.

Charles F. Nunamaker to Simon E. Nunamaker, Napier Twp., 2 tracts \$500.

Theodore Cook to Walter C. Cook, Hyndman Boro., lot \$2000.

GOING UP

We read in Tennysonian pages, that man is heir of all the ages. Yet some, we find, as we'd expect, their heritage do not collect and all show traces of the prison in earlier forms from which we've risen. From such remarks you'll likely see that I with Bryan don't agree. I state without circumlocution that I believe in evolution, and add without prevarication. My soul within, the central I, was never born, will never die. I, like a fish, have swum the flood and like a tadpole, churned the mud. Then, monkey-like, I swung from trees but dropped my tail by slow degrees. The stranger that I meet today, has been my brother all the way. Self-sacrifice and toil and pain have brought our every upward gain, and though we wear the human shape, not yet may we the past escape. Our earlier selves have barely drowned, and often still the beast is roused. We still must fight with courage strong to banish war and hate and wrong. The ladder long to which we clung has led us upward rung by rung. We're on the way toward something finer, toward something nobler and diviner. O let us climb with teeth and toe and boost each other as we go. Alike the past from which we've grown, alike our flesh and blood and bone, and none may save his soul alone.

—BOB ADAMS

APPOINTED POSTMISTRESS

Mrs. Grace S. Albright, who has been postmistress at the Hyndman postoffice since July 15, 1924, received word recently from David A. Reed, United States senator, that she had been appointed to that position for the next four years. Since Mrs. Albright has been postmistress the postoffice at Hyndman has been ramodeled very much and contains equipment equal to that of a city and the courteous treatment received there is second to none in the state.

David Evans

Mr. David Evans died in his forty-sixth year at the home of his brother at Six Mile Run, on Wednesday evening, December 17, at 7:20 o'clock, death being due to abscessed mastoids. He had only been ill for a few days.

Decease is survived by one brother, Elmer Evans of Six Mile Run, with whom he had made his home for a number of years.

He was a member of the Loyal Order of Moose, under whose rites he was buried, and will be missed by his fellow members as well as by a wide circle of friends.

Funeral services were conducted Sunday afternoon at two o'clock at the home of his brother, the Rev. Kriner of Coaldale officiating.

Interment was made in the Duvall cemetery.

Joseph Morris Peck

Joseph Morris Peck, infant son of James and Virginia Householder Peck, died at the parental home in Everett, Pa., on Sunday, December 21, death being due to brain fever.

At the time of death he was aged 1 year, 9 months and 29 days, having been born February 26, 1923.

Funeral services were conducted at the home on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the Rev. W. M. Jay, officiating. Interment was made in the Everett cemetery.

MANGES-SHROYER

On Saturday, December 20, Miss Lottie Erna Shroyer became the bride of Mr. Edmund G. Manges, the ceremony being performed at Madley by Rev. W. G. Slonaker.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Shroyer, of Londonderry Township, and is very well known in that vicinity.

The bride-groom is a truck driver of Central City and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Manges.

Their many friends wish them a long and prosperous married life.

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS SERVICES IN REFORMED CHURCH

The Christmas service in St. John's Reformed Church, rendered on last Sunday night was of exceptional beauty. Before an audience that taxed the capacity of the church the younger children of the Sunday School rendered a pageant entitled "Christmas Joys." With their charming costumes and by the gracious manner in which they performed the parts assigned to them they reflected great credit upon the teachers who had drilled them for the occasion.

At the conclusion of the program the different classes of the Sunday School brought forward their "White Gifts for the King." This consisted of money to be sent to the orphans at the Hoffman orphanage and estimating that one dollar could buy a sack of flour more than two hundred sacks of flour were theoretically heaped at the foot of a great white cross. To this will be added almost another hundred sacks of flour given by those members of the church who are not identified with the Sunday School. A treat consisting of candy and oranges was given to each child.

The decorations placed by a committee in charge of Mr. D. B. Koontz called forth many exclamations of delight and wonder.

One Thing He Knew.

"Now tell me, sir," demanded counsel for the defense, "and mind what you are saying. Do you assert that you were wounded in the melee?" The witness pursed his lips obstinately. "I never said where I was wounded," he said. "It might have been in the melee, or again it mightn't. All I know is that he hit me."

Sequoia Once Common.

The Sequoia, or big tree of California, now confined to a few patches on the Pacific coast of the United States, ranged throughout Europe and Asia, as well as across North America during the geological past.

School Directors Hold Session

The Bedford County School Directors' Association met in the Union School Building Wednesday and Thursday of last week. It was the most interesting and best attended meeting of the association held in recent years. The instructors of the Teachers' Institute addressed the directors during the several sessions. Interesting and helpful talks were given by all the speakers.

Director G. E. Yoder was president of the Association and presided at all the meetings. He gave the first address on "The School Director's Salary." He said that directors do not get salaries but get wages. They get wages not in dollars and cents, but in satisfaction of having done a public duty in a creditable manner. The amount of wages is always in proportion to the amount of work done. We get wages in the form of severe criticism when we do not deserve them and at times when we do deserve them. He urged that the directors do not get discouraged when the load seems heavy and progress seems slow. Be sure we are right and reward will come. Rewards come by way of employing good teachers, keeping school lights in good repair and keeping the schools well supplied with good books, apparatus and supplies.

Dr. L. H. Beeler, the second speaker, asserted that it costs twice as much in the United States to deal with crime as it does to run the public schools and gave figures to prove his statement. The people who are in the criminal class are the product of our social make-up. As did Germany, what we wish our next generation to be and live we must put into our schools and teach today. Education is the only organization in existence to combat evil tendencies. Churches are not doing much to combat crime; homes are not as good as they were years ago; society does not actively concern itself to better conditions. The school is the only hope to save your child and mine. We must have better schools, better teachers and better directors. The spirit of the director is to work for better schools.

Miss Erna Grassmuck, of the Department of Public Instruction, spoke on the subject, "Our Share." She said that teachers are always thinking what the children should know in the future. As in the past, so in the present and future, knowledge still is necessary. Children must learn to work at things useful and necessary. Children should be taught to cultivate a right feeling toward other people. We must break down provincial thinking. The teacher should live in the community in which she teaches.

One of the most pleasing addresses of the convention was the address of Hon. J. Anson Wright, on the subject, "Recent School Legislation." He reviewed the work of the last session of the General Assembly and told what helpful legislation was passed and what harmful laws were prevented. He dwelt somewhat on the law which changes the distribution of State aid to the school districts by making it proportionate to the ratio of the valuation of the districts to the number of teachers employed. The address was well received.

Dr. W. A. Matheny used "Service" as his subject. He said a man should be ashamed to say that he rendered no public service of any character. School directors have an opportunity to render public service of the most important character.

On Wednesday evening the directors joined the teachers to hear the Laura Werno Ladies Quartet.

Thursday morning there were two speakers from the Department of Public Instruction, Dr. D. W. Armstrong and Dr. Lee L. Driver. Both these speakers took up such school administration problems as were peculiar to our own districts. Directors of the convention were given the opportunity to ask questions and present situations as they obtain in their several districts. Much help was derived in this way.

There were about 125 directors to attend this convention and the sessions of the Teachers' Institute.

ANSWER ALARM

The local fire department responded to an alarm given on Monday night at 10:30 o'clock when a slight fire occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Milburn on John Street. The fire originated in the flue and was extinguished before any great damage was done.

Stump in Trade.

Disgusted Vendor—"Stump in trade? Of course there's a stump in trade. What else do you expect when you offers the public what it wants, and the blinkin' public don't realize it?"—London Humorist.

Revenue From "Dead" Mail

The government employs about fifty-five persons in the dead letter office at Washington, which department has approximately \$220,000 a year to run it. This is usually more than offset by the revenue from "dead" mail and packages.

Securing Loose Casters

Loose casters can be made secure by filling up the hole with melted paraffin and resetting the caster while the wax is still hot.

The KITCHEN CABINET

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It is when the trees are leafless, or when the last withered leaves rustle in the wintry air, creeping along the bare boughs like tremulous mice, or fluttering from the branches like the tired and starving swallows left behind in the ebbing tides of migration, that the secret of the forest is most likely to be surprised. Mystery is always there.—Fiona Macleod.

HOME CANDY MAKING

There are few homes where the young people do not delight to make their own Christmas candies. Here are a few simple recipes that even the beginner will find easy to make.

Peanut Brittle.—Take two cupsful of granulated sugar, put into a smooth iron frying pan, and set over the heat. Stir constantly while it is melting and when a golden brown pour over a cupful of shelled peanuts, which have been placed in a buttered dripping pan. Cool and break into pieces. For variety just before taking from the heat add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda, stir well, then pour over the nuts. This is a peanut brittle which is not so hard, and is liked better by many on that account.

College Cream.—Boil together one pound of brown sugar and one cupful of water until it hardens in water. Beat the white of an egg very stiff and pour the hot sugar over it, beating all the time; when it begins to be creamy, add a half-cupful, or more, of broken nut meats.

Chocolate Caramels.—Put two and one-half tablespoonsful of butter into a kettle; when melted add two cupsful of molasses, one cupful of brown sugar and one-half cupful of milk. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and when the boiling point is reached add three squares of chocolate, stir constantly until the chocolate is melted. Boil until a firm ball can be gathered with the fingers from a drop; put into cold water. Add vanilla and turn into buttered pans to cool. Mark in squares before it is too hard.

Glaze.—This is a glaze which may be used for dipping fruit or nuts. Boil two cupsful of sugar, one cupful of water and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar to 230 degrees Fahr. without stirring. Check the heat by placing the saucepan in cold water, then immediately place it in a pan of boiling water to keep the glaze in condition for dipping.

Merging Their Interests

By GRIMBALL AVERY

(Copyright.)

"A LL aboard," shouted the conductor as the "Florida Limited" stood ready to leave New York.

"Hey, there, hold that train a second," yelled an excited but handsome man as he came trudging along the platform with six small children.

John Chapman had just finished loading the two-year-old twins, when the conductor called out: "Hurry up there, we've got to pull out. Here, porter, give him a lift with his excess baggage."

By the time the train had reached Philadelphia Chapman was actually dozing off to sleep. His nap, however, was soon interrupted, when a jolly prosperous looking business man greeted him with a healthy and vigorous slap on the shoulder.

"Why, hello, Chapman! What are you doing here? It's been years and years since I saw you last. What, are all these your children?"

Fifteen years before Chapman had roomed with Henry Smyser. He had joined the same fraternity at Ringer college, had played football with him, and had wooed the same girl.

"What's wrong with you, Chapman?" asked Smyser.

"I lost my wife about two years ago, but before I start, let me ask you a serious question. Are you married and have you any encumbrances?"

"No, I didn't marry that college widow we were both so daft about; she's still frisking around roping in the freshmen. There isn't any progeny to perpetuate my glorious name. But I want to hear how the world has been mistreating you."

As Chapman began to reply his twins started bawling. With a look of despair he opened a large suitcase, the interior of which looked partly like a drug store and a great deal more like a nursery, brought out a big, free-for-all milk bottle and after having abated the children's clamor, the father gave a long sigh, then with tears in his eyes began again: "Smyser, I don't know how to begin to tell you all I've been through since my wife died and left me all these six children on my hands."

Smyser meditated for several moments. Here was a chance to get revenge for that joke Chapman had played on him the night of the graduation dance. Never had he forgotten the time Chapman had poured tabasco sauce into his dancing pumps.

"Why don't you get a good nurse?" he ventured casually.

"Oh, tell me something new! Haven't I had hundreds of nurses already and they always leave me in the lurch?"

"That being the case," interrupted Smyser in a tone of profound wisdom, "then I have a better idea. What you need is a good wife—one that is highly domestic."

"That's not very encouraging, for no woman in her senses will have me."

"Old man," began Smyser gravely. "You are too quick to throw up the sponge. Right now I know a charming young widow at Palm Beach, and I'm sure you two would harmonize. I'd go in for her myself, but she adores tall men, and will not look at short men like myself. We'll have to sidetrack the kids till you've landed her. I'll keep them for you in some nearby town. Is it a go?"

Chapman was "game."

When they reached the famous resort Smyser played his part as a matchmaker admirably. Seldom in the varied history of knot-tying had a couple been so irresistibly drawn together. They decided to get married and leave at once for her native home in Georgia.

Smyser had consented to go on ahead and gather up Chapman's children, who had been interned at Jacksonville during the diplomatic negotiations, and take them with him to Atlanta, so that the bride would not hear of their existence till she reached her home town.

Two days later Chapman and his pretty bride were on their way to Georgia.

On alighting at Atlanta they had taken but a few steps when Smyser walked up with all of the waiting brood.

"Oh, papa, is this our lovely new mamma you said was so beautiful?" called out Chapman's eldest.

Mrs. Chapman simply beamed and looked surprised, then ran to meet an excited old black mammy, who came hobbling toward her with six other children swarming around her.

"Howdy, Miss Jenny! I see you glad ter see 'em; I done bring all yo' chiluns to show 'em to their new daddy."

Before the grinning nurse could say more, the children were hugging their mother. Then spying their newly acquired father, one of the oldest girls called out: "Is this our papa? He is mighty handsome, just as you wrote."

To his intense delight, his bride leaned down and kissed each one of his little darlings. Never had they seemed so entirely angelic as now. She exclaimed cheerily: "Oh, how I shall love them because they are yours. We've both had such a surprise! They won't be one bit more trouble, for mammy will take perfect care of them as she does of mine, and we'll go right on and finish our wedding tour, won't we, John, dear?"

No one even thought of poor discomfited Smyser. He crawled off to a happy corner, and as he watched the happy couple getting in the pullman he muttered to himself: "Well, if that wasn't a regular hoovering. I'll know myself if I ever try again to get even with John Chapman!"

POULTRY

POULTRY MANURE IS RICHEST PRODUCED

Poultry manure is the richest of any produced on the farm, says the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, yet it receives from the farmer the least attention of any of the animal excrements. Average mixed horse and cattle manure carries ten pounds of nitrogen, five pounds of phosphoric acid and twelve pounds of potash a ton.

Poultry manure contains in comparison 32 pounds of nitrogen, 35 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 18 pounds of potash. Where ordinary farm manure has a fertilizer value of \$1.50 a ton, poultry manure is worth \$5.00 a ton. Even when produced in small amounts such material, says the college, is well worthy of careful preservation.

Poultry manure should be allowed to dry as quickly as possible and be kept dry. In this condition it will lose but little of its valuable constituents. Like ordinary manure, it ferments rapidly when moist and will lose thereby a large percentage of its nitrogen, worth on the market 25 or 30 cents a pound. Since much of its potash, phosphoric acid, and nitrogen is soluble, this manure may suffer greatly from leaching.

Caustic lime should never be mixed directly with poultry manure as it tends to liberate nitrogen as ammonia.

Poultry manure is rich in nitrogen and low in phosphorus. These two conditions may be corrected by diluting and reinforcing the manure as follows: To ten pounds of the manure add six pounds of sawdust (or some similar dry material) and four pounds of acid phosphate. This gives a fertilizer carrying 8 per cent of nitrogen, 3.6 per cent of phosphoric acid and .45 per cent of potash or about the same proportion of plant food elements that are found in a 3-12-2 mixture but only one-fourth as concentrated.

Chicken Pox Is Common

Among Poultry Flocks

Chicken pox (sorehead) is a very common contagious poultry disease. It is usually found during the changeable seasons, and not much during the summer. Sometimes chicken pox and roup are present in the same flock. Chicken pox can be very easily recognized from the small nodules on the comb and about the face of the bird, which at first closely resemble small pimples. The pimples gradually enlarge, the tops slough off, and then they become small ulcers.

Treatment: The same sanitary precautions recommended for other infectious and contagious diseases should be taken, namely, separating the birds and disinfecting the pens. A laxative of one-quarter pound of epsom salts to 25 or 30 birds, mixed in a bran mash or with milk, should be given. When given with the mash, dissolve first in water, and then mix with the feed. This can be given them after the birds have been fasting for 24 hours. The sores on the head can be treated with zinc oxide ointment, using a match or a toothpick to apply the remedy.

Vitamines in Bran Good

Feed for Poultry Flock

Bran is a standby foodstuff for the poultry keeper. It is not as digestible as some other feeds which enter into the rations of chickens, but it is rich in mineral and vitamin elements. When only concentrated food is given to hens their vitality is quickly sapped. Bulk is required to ensure the proper assimilation of the food, and this is obtained in large part when a proportion of bran enters into the ration.

Some poultrymen advise the feeding of middlings in place of bran, but to do this is to do away with one important "roughage" food necessary to keep the birds in good trim. It is not a question of whether we should use wheat middlings or wheat bran. Both should be used in nearly equal proportions, the two together, constituting nearly 50 per cent of the entire grain ration.

Poultry Facts

Feed the pullets to produce winter eggs.

Close the poultry house so as to prevent draughts.

If combs freeze, get more air into the henhouse. It's a sign of dampness.

Cod liver oil is not only good for children but it puts strength into the legs of little chicks as well.

Skim milk is an exceedingly valuable poultry food, and can be profitably used every day in the year.

A damp poultry house is an abomination and is just as certain to cause mischief as anything possibly can.

Milk is the best protein for chickens, as well as for folks. One of the best ways to market part of your milk is through the egg basket.

The hen has not yet been invented that can make eggs without shell material to work on. Oyster shell or broken bits of limestone will supply the need.

LIVE STOCK

REDUCE DEATH LOSS IN SHIPPING HOGS

At nine of the principal live stock markets during a six-months' period in 1922 there were received a total of 28,375 dead hogs and 38,708 in a more or less crippled condition. Very recent reports from the yards at Denver show that the losses there during the past two weeks have been extremely heavy, five or six dead hogs in a car being nothing uncommon, and in one instance thirteen dead hogs were found in one car-load.

In eliminating the losses the first thing, of course, is to get at the cause. The minimum load for a freight car is 17,000 pounds. In the case above where there were thirteen dead hogs in the load, at the point of origin this load weighed 23,000 which is 4,000 pounds in excess of the maximum allowed by the insurance companies. The insurance company, of course, refused to meet the loss because the car was loaded in excess of their specified maximum. In most of the cars coming into the Denver yards with dead hogs the cars were overloaded, so that overloading is without a doubt one of the principal causes of loss in shipping.

There are other factors which cause losses in shipping during hot weather. Over-feeding at time of loading is without question important. A hog with an empty stomach has a much better chance of reaching the market in good condition than one that has had a full feed just before being loaded. Hogs which are over fed are very apt to become overheated and get sick. If the weather is warm, it is better to feed a little less at the last regular feeding period before loading.

The shipper should see that the car is well cleaned out, especially if it has manure in it as manure is very liable to be a cause of a great deal of heat in the car. After the car is well cleaned, it should be bedded down with two or three inches of sand or fine gravel; cinders are also good but possibly not as cooling in the summer as sand or gravel. Before loading the bedding should be well wet down. Ice in gunny sacks hung in the center of each half of the car will also help to lower the temperature.

When loading hogs in the summer time keep in mind that the greatest cause of death is due to overloading. It is better to load a little under the 17,000 pounds minimum rather than over it.—H. H. Smith, assistant professor animal husbandry, Colorado Agricultural college.

Tankage Will Increase

Rate of Gain in Hogs

During the summer of 1923 36 hogs were carried on a 120-day feeding test by the University of Nebraska to determine if tankage is necessary when good alfalfa pasture is available. The 36 pigs, weighing around 87 pounds apiece, were placed in separate lots. Two lots were seeded to alfalfa and the third was dry.

The highest daily gain per head was made in the alfalfa lot that received shelled corn and tankage. The gain in that lot was 1.4 pounds as compared with .65 pounds in the alfalfa lot receiving no tankage and 1.25 pounds in the dry lot where corn and tankage were fed.

The feed cost per 100 pounds of gain ran highest for the pigs on alfalfa that received no tankage and lowest on the alfalfa lot fed tankage. The three lots ranked as follows: Alfalfa, shelled corn and tankage, \$5.11; dry lot, corn and tankage, \$5.69; alfalfa and shelled corn, \$6.36. Prices at that time on corn were 75 cents a bushel; tankage, \$65 a ton, and pasture, one-half cent a day.

The pigs in the lot which received no tankage practically destroyed the alfalfa by rooting, while those receiving tankage and alfalfa did not root at all. It was found that tankage greatly increased the rate of gain, reduced the cost of 100 pounds gain and saved the pasture.

Grinding Buckwheat for

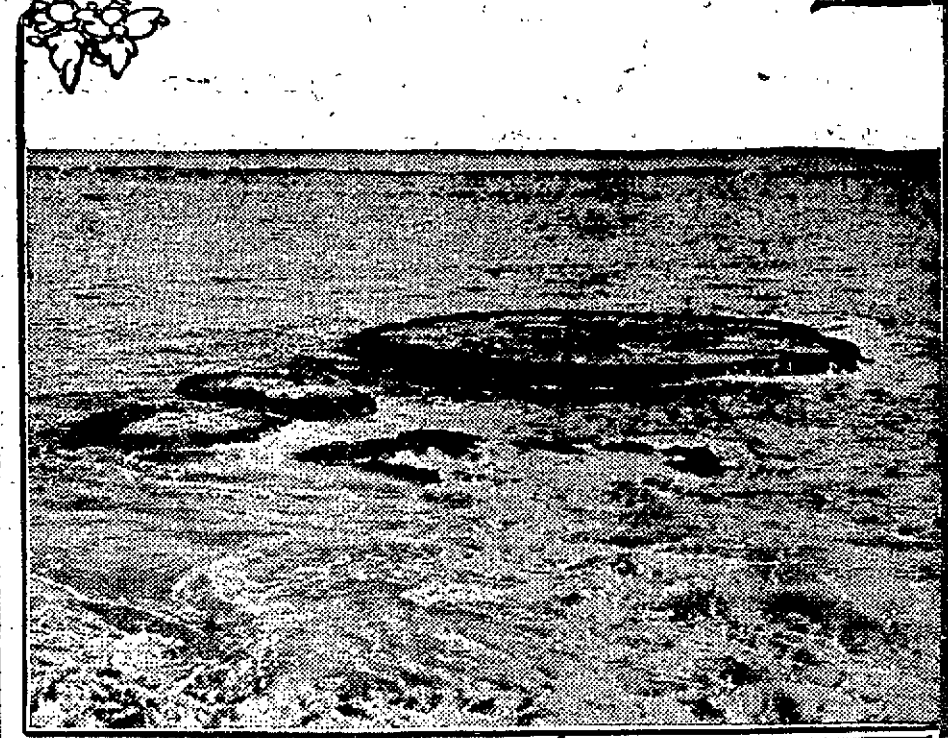
Cattle or Hogs Is Best

Buckwheat can best be fed to fattening cattle or hogs by grinding it rather coarsely and feeding it dry. Much better results are secured where buckwheat forms only about one-third of the ration, especially when fed to hogs. Because of its coarse outside hull, buckwheat contains too much fiber to give the best results when fed alone to hogs. The best results will be secured when it is fed along with corn and tankage in a mixture of 60 per cent corn, 30 per cent buckwheat, and 10 per cent tankage. Practically the same results will be secured as where a ration of 90 per cent corn and 10 per cent tankage is used.

Water Supply for Stock

An abundant supply of water is an essential affecting profits in fattening live stock for market. Often hogs do not get enough water, particularly during the hot summer months. Watering twice a day or morning and evening is not sufficient. They should be watered at least three times a day. It requires only a small expenditure to make home-made automatic waterers. A barrel inverted in a cut-down barrel of a larger size makes a satisfactory waterer if kept well filled.

The Bermudas



Group of "Boilers" Off the Bermuda Coast.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

The Bermudas, which get scant consideration throughout the rest of the year, may be thought of as becoming more prominent on the map of the Atlantic as the winter season approaches; for these islands have grown to be one of the favorite winter resorts of residents of the northeastern United States. The popularity of these Atlantic islands rests, probably, on the fact that they have neither the rigors of the north temperate zone nor the enervating climate of the tropics.

It is stretching things a bit to classify the Bermudas as part of North America, but at least they are closer to this continent than to any other. They are about as far from our Atlantic coast to the east as the Mississippi river is to the west, with 600 miles of water between them and the nearest land, Cape Hatteras. They are situated southeast of Hatteras, however, in the latitude of Charleston, S. C.

The closest affiliations of the Bermudas in spite of the 800 miles of intervening ocean are with the Bahamas to the southwest. They may be said to be tied to these and other islands of the Antilles by currents of water and air. Because the fringing currents of the Gulf stream flow from the Bahamas to the Bermudas most of the plants found on the latter islands seem to have been brought from the former or their bigger neighbors. Air currents, too, flowing in the same general direction assist bird migrations to the tiny bits of land far out in the Atlantic. Their bird life, therefore, is almost a duplicate of that of the Bahamas.

The land area of the Bermudas is only about 20 square miles, less than the area of Manhattan island. Only five of the islands are of considerable size and these, lying very close together, have been joined by causeways and bridges until they now constitute practically a single body of land. In addition there are numerous small islets and rocks exposed at low tide. The exact number depends on how many of the reefs are counted; but Bermudans are fond of saying there are 365—one for each day in the year. The group is roughly in the form of a fishhook with the curved end toward the southwest and at no point is the land much more than a mile wide.

Coral on Volcanic Base.

Since the Bermudas lie so far from other land and since they are of coral formation in a region far north of the usual occurrence of the coral polyps, they were something of a mystery to early scientists. It was found, however, by a study of the neighboring ocean, that the Bermudas rise from a narrow arm of the Atlantic plateau and have a volcanic base. The coral formation extends less than a thousand feet below the sea level; and since the coral animals are known to be unable to live far below the surface, it is surmised that the foundation sank as the creatures built the superstructure. The Bermudas just escape being a sizable land body. From the ends of the island group a coral reef sweeps ten miles to the west forming with the land an oval enclosing an area of some 200 square miles. The reefs are just awash and constitute a danger to navigation that long made the Bermudas notorious. Inside the reef is a sort of ocean lake from 5 to 50 fathoms deep.

Unlike many of the coraline islands of the Pacific, the Bermudas proper are not low and flat. The coral fragments washed up by the waves are blown into hills, the materials then consolidating into stone.

The Bermudas were discovered within less than a generation after the first voyage of Columbus. Juan Bermudez, a Spanish navigator, was wrecked on the islands about 1515, and the group thus came into notice as a place of wrecks, a reputation which was to be added to in after years. Bermudez found no inhabitants or evidences of former inhabitants and about all of interest that happened in connection with his visit was the escape of some hogs which later stocked the islands. For eighty years the islands dropped out of sight, to hob up a second time in connection with a sea tragedy when May, an Englishman, was cast on shore there in 1594. May and his companions escaped in a small boat after a five months' stay.

Then in 1600 came the wreck which really began Bermuda history. The ship of Sir George Somers, a British admiral, en route to the recently discovered colony at Jamestown, Virginia, sprang a leak in a storm and had to be grounded in the islands. The considerable party disembarked and remained nine months, during which time they built two pinnaces. In the they reached Virginia safely and spread pleasant reports of their temporary home.

Taken by the English.

The result was, first, that the Virginia colony obtained title to the lands to serve as a sort of mid-Atlantic hog ranch; and second, that a small group of adventurers bought the title and obtained a charter. The document created the "Company of the City, London for the Plantation of the Sober Islands." The effort to name the lands after the old admiral who called them to be settled failed, however, a garbled spelling of the name of the original discoverer has remained.

In the beginning Bermuda was a colony but a company-controlled settlement. The shares were held necessarily by the settlers, and on share-holders had a voice in governmental affairs. The development from this starting point presents a picture that is said to represent faithfully miniature the ups and downs of English-speaking peoples in their struggles toward self-government.

One-quarter of the land was originally set aside as common company land, the income from which was to defray company expenses, any surplus to be divided among the shareholders. The remainder was divided into eight parcels or "tribes," consisting of fifty plots each. Representation in the assembly which was provided for was to be by shareholders elected by shareholders.

The original governmental arrangements made possible the ruthless crushing of individual rights. Officers were executed for petty thefts for speaking in opposition to the governor's policies. Finally an arbitrary governor failed to permit a meeting of the assembly for a decade from 1674 to 1684. Action was then brought in the British courts, the company was busted from possession, and crown colony was set up. The assembly which sits today, however, is made up as at first of four representatives from each "tribe" and from the common land. About the difference is that voting privileges rest on income rather than share of ership. The property-owning class has been exceedingly careful in creating burdens, with the result that Bermudans are today one of the most lightly taxed peoples in the world.

Houses of Coral Rock.

Not only are Bermudans fortunate in the taxes assessed against them they are also favored in the matter of cheap habitations. Materials which to build homes may be said to have been thrown in by Nature at the site. A few feet under ground, almost any point in the islands supply of soft coral rock which is sawed out in the form of hull blocks with an ordinary saw. When seasoned for a while the blocks are and are ready to be used in building. The great majority of Bermuda homes are constructed from these blocks. Since the roof of every house must become the family waterway by serving as a catchment area for rainwater, the roofs are usually washed and kept scrupulously clean.

Bermuda prosperity hinges largely on America, for it is to the west the islands face in economic matters rather than to the mother country eastward. As a prosperous class has grown up in America interested in seeking a milder climate during the winter months, Bermuda inevitably drawn more and more its members. It is estimated that the recent years the tourist population of the island has more than equaled resident population. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have in this fallen into the coffers of Bermudians in all walks of life.

It was in 1840 that a wise government began the development of the wealth of the islands, their ability to raise early vegetables for the American market. The islands soon established a reputation for their o and potatoes and demonstrated most other fresh vegetables can be produced profitably. Another important industry was built up in the raising of hives.

Nellie Maxwell TH' OLE GROUCH

THEY'S ONE 'R TWO RECKLESS AUTOMOBILE DRIVERS 'ROUND TOWN WHO COULDN'T QUALIFY TO OPERATE A WHEELBARROW! AS TH' FELLER SET, "SCIENCE HAS PLACED HORSE POWER UNDER TH' AUTO HOOD, BUT ONLY GOD CAN PUT HORSE SENSE UNDER TH' DRIVERS' HAT!"



Antiques Wanted

Furniture, Old Glass, Pottery Pictures and Anything Old and Ugly.

Call or Write

Wm. S. Whitmore Schellburg, Penna.

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS for nose and throat Give Quick Relief

One Follows the Other. Fill your head wisely and the filling of your wallet will take care of itself.—Forbes Magazine.

"Better Late Than Never." Mathew Henry, in his commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew, used these words of the laborers who went into the Lord's vineyard at the eleventh hour.—Exchange.

Merry Christmas to All



A Load of Christmas

By Frank Herbert Sweet
(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

HOLCOMB did things in a peculiar way—a peculiarly nice way, though. It affected his Christmas gifts, his business, even his friendships. But then he was a bachelor of fifty. Then, too, everybody loved him, which is a very peculiar thing about a successful business man with competition, you'll admit.

This year Holcomb was very busy, and his Christmas gifts—general gifts, you know—hadn't even occurred to him until two days before the day. He was passing through a new street between a restaurant and his office, when he saw a small shop with windows crammed with toys—nothing but toys. At this season, nearly the middle of the afternoon, a toy shop ought to be crowded with customers. This shop was closed. On the steps stood a small, anxious looking man, and a big one dangling a large key. It looked like a store key.

Seemed peculiar. So Holcomb went to the steps.

"Like to look at the toys," he began. "Can't now," boomed the big man. "This chap can't pay a bill, so I've taken it. Auction day after tomorrow. I'm sheriff."

"Meaning," said Holcomb, "that if the bill is paid, the store belongs to this man again? How much?"

"Of course—and \$200."

"What's it all worth?" to the little man.

"About \$50 if sold at auction," detected. "I picked a bum street. No business."

"What did you pay or agree to pay?"

"\$500."

"What will you sell for?"

"Can't sell until—nodding toward the sheriff."

Holcomb counted out \$200, and passed it to the sheriff.

"Good-by," he said. "Now what do you ask?" to the small man.

"I'd rather like \$300, but will be glad to accept half that."

Holcomb counted out the \$300.

"Give me the key," to the sheriff.

"Thank you. Now where can I find two men to move the toys?"

"I'll be one," beamed the man out of business. "I know about toys. And I can get another man from the next building."

"Do so, and I'll bring round my car from the next corner."

Inside of an hour the shop was emptied and the limousine filled. Then Holcomb took the most country of all the country roads, stopping at every house that showed signs of children.

"Hello-o," he would call to any small boy or girl he happened to see; "got some stuff for your house. Please take it in for me. I'm in a hurry. Give you a quarter."

He had provided a pocket heavy with loose quarters.

There were about three hours of daylight. When the daylight was gone the car was empty. He was glad the day was over. He had to go home.

Christmas Time

By THOMAS A. CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois
(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



OF ALL the illusions of childhood, I gave up with most reluctance those that clustered around Christmas. The old saint who climbed down the chimney into the fireplace in our sitting room and filled our stockings on Christmas Eve was as real to me as Moses or George Washington or my grandfather or any other person of whom I had heard but whom I had never personally met. He is to me real today when I am in reminiscent moods, perhaps because I have always wanted him to be real. Long after I recognized all the subtleties which were being practiced on me as a child at Christmas time, I never admitted them even to myself, for I was quite willing to submit to the deceptions; I was made happy by all the ceremonies and surprises.

I have never in all my life been away from home at Christmas time; I hope I never shall be. Christmas joys are for me the most delightful; Christmas memories, the most precious. Everything about our holiday preparations at home was of the simplest



character, but the season was full of possibilities and surprises. The dinner lacked the conventional roast turkey. Instead there was a roast goose or a huge joint of roast beef (following the English custom with which my mother was familiar) with suet dumplings and gravy. There was always, too, a loaf of spiced bread and plum pudding with a delightful sauce of drawn butter, and there was mince pie followed with nuts and raisins and other goodies.

Just as "home" always suggests to me sugar cookies, hot from the oven, with mother warning me not to eat so many as to make myself sick, so Christmas invariably brings to my mind the thought of raisins. They were in the spiced bread which mother made, the plum pudding was congested with them. I found them always on Christmas morning in my stocking with other good things to eat, and there was regularly on Christmas day a dish of them on the table to be eaten after dinner. It was not altogether what we had to eat that gave Christmas such a high place in my regard, though that helped materially, no doubt. It was the mystery, the anticipation, the preparation and the surprise of it all; the gathering together of all the family, the games, the roaring fire in the fireplace, and the general hilarity and good will prevailing that made Christmas for me the best loved of all the holidays of the entire year.

"We are rather outgrowing Christ-

mas," a friend said to me a few days ago. "I don't believe it is ever going to be for any one again just as it used to be."

I suppose not; though there are some events connected with the celebration of Christmas, there is the real Christmas which I am sure I shall never outgrow. If I should hang up my stocking by the fireplace now, I feel just as sure as I ever did that old Saint Nick would get in some way before morning and fill it as he used to do when I was a child. My faith in Christmas has never waned, and my need for it. I practice economy badly at any time, but with the greatest difficulty at Christmas time, and especially since the prices of my own particular varieties of frankincense and myrrh have been so affected by the economic conditions. It is what is in our hearts that makes Christmas real. The song of



the angels is in the air if the Christmas spirit is in our hearts. Christmas is as great a reality as it ever was, if we will make it so, and for us all the angels are again proclaiming as they did that night in Palestine, centuries ago, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." I shall hang up my stocking at Christmas Eve, there will be raisins in it in the morning. I have faith that the old Christmas joys will be mine once more.

Santa's the Goodest Man



4 ounces / 1 MILE!

Only Gray gives such mileage....

A full mile on less than four ounces of gasoline—one thirty-second part of a gallon! This is what the Gray has done—not once but many times—not when specially "stripped" but with a full load of passengers. Two years ago, the Gray established the official A. A. A. Economy Record of 33.8 miles per gallon—still unapproached by other cars. Such performance tells its own story of the excellence of Gray design and the soundness of Gray construction. Let a ride show you.

Fletcher & Morris, Clearville Pa

GRAY
aristocrat of small cars

The Season for Colds is Here and the Best for Curing is "OUR OWN COLD TABLETS"

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Ed. D. Heckerman
The Druggist Bedford, Pa.
57 years mixing medicine and still at it.

EAGLE MIKADO
The YELLOW PENCIL with the RED BAND
EAGLE PENCIL CO. NEW YORK, U.S.A.

BILL BOOSTER SAYS

MY IDEA IS THAT WE OWE IT TO EACH OTHER TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES! THE GUY WHO GOES AROUND DRESSED LIKE A SCARECROW SHOULD REMEMBER THAT WE'D HAVE A FUNNY LOOKING



EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF John Wesley Hite late of Cumberland Valley Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.
Letters testamentary having been granted the undersigned executors named in the last will and testament of John Wesley Hite late of Cumberland Valley Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby notified to present the same without delay for payment, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment of the same.
J. S. Hite,
Calvin P. Hite,
Executors
Cumberland Valley, Pa.

Music Tabooed in Kurdistan.
Though nearly all primitive peoples are fond of music, the Kurd is an exception. In Kurdistan music of any kind is banned. There music is looked on as immoral.

TH' OLE GROUCH

LISTEN HERE, CRY FELLER! DON'T LAFF AT THIS HERE TOWN BECUZ IT'S SMALL AN' HASN'T GOT ALL TH' THINGS NEW YORK HAS, BECUZ THEIRS MOST O' THEM THINGS WE DON'T WANT, SECH AS MURDERS, THEFTS, DIVORCES, POVERTY, SLUMS, CONGESTION, CRIME AN' TH' COLD HEARTEDNESS THAT LETS FOLKS STARVE IN TH' MIDST O' PLENTY! NO SIR!



LEGAL ADVERTISING

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF Charles A. Chamberlain, late of Broad Top Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

A. O. Chamberlain,
Administrator
Six Mile Run, Pa.

Frank E. Colvin,
Attorney
Nov. 21, Dec. 26.

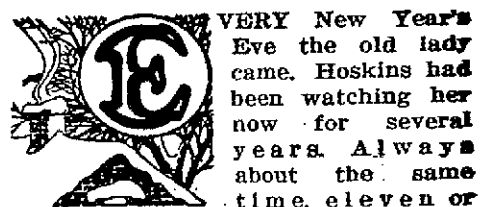
Thought Misapplied.

Thought is the most powerful force on this earth, yet most of our thought is foolishly wasted in idle gossip or in slandering someone whom we possibly do not know except by hearsay!

On the Bridge at Midnight

By Marion R. Reagan

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



VERY New Year's Eve the old lady came. Hoskins had been watching her now for several years. Always about the same time, eleven or twelve, she would come and take her stand in the middle of the bridge looking expectantly down the river. As the "Annalia," an old barge engaged in the Indian trade and scheduled to arrive annually in London on January 1, sailed up the river, she became violently agitated. When it passed directly under her, she shouted loudly in a cracked, hoarse voice, and tossed a purse down to a certain sailor on the deck who greeted her with wild cheers. She would watch the old boat glide easily up the river till it was out of sight. Then quietly she turned toward the south and walked away.

Now Hoskins was a conscientious thief. It was not his policy to rob old women of their purses. The opulent old men of Hyde Park, and the young men, too, were his game. But lately there were too many in the business for any profit. And the newspapers were again reminding their readers to beware of pickpockets. People watched one more now and one had

to be on one's guard at all times. Reluctantly Hoskins forsook the old field of his activities and sought other prey. It was a hard year, however. What little he picked up from the Christmas shoppers he already owed to friends. He was facing the New Year almost penniless. Then he remembered the old lady and her fat purse. He despised himself for thinking of it—he a man of principles—but starvation is starvation, and it was New Year's Eve. Tonight she would come.

He concealed himself in an old crevice in the masonry. It was a perfect hiding place. He could see out easily and not be seen by anyone.

About midnight he heard the slow, heavy step of the old lady. She passed close by him and advanced a few yards. He emerged from his hiding place and followed. About to make a quick spring at her, she turned, and faced him. He composed himself with difficulty, tipped his hat, and bid her happy New Year in a weak, strained voice.

"Oh, thank 'ee, sir; the same to you, sir."

"Fine weather we been 'avin'!"

"Fine, indeed. And fine for that boy o' mine what's comin' in tonight from them 'ot 'eather places." The old lady sniffed. Hoskins edged a little closer to her.

"Ain't seen yer boy for some time?"

"Only from the bridge 'ere once a year. Ain't seen him to 'old in my arms since he was a lad o' twelve. The hoarse old voice trembled a little—a most broke down. "An' 'ard life for a lad, that, on them ships, and no 'ome, and an 'ard life for me what's his lawful mother never to lay an arm on him in all these years." Here she broke into a heart-breaking sob. "It's a bad 'un I've been, sir. I couldn't let that lad o' mine see his mother was such a miserable old witch. It'd break his 'eart. I get together all I can in the world and give it to him once a year for his 'oliday. It's the best I can do for 'im. Don't know who he thinks I am. He never troubled to find out. But—'Ey, 'ey, there," she shouted suddenly.

The "Annalia" was steaming up the river. It was directly under them now and a little youth in uniform jumped about eagerly on deck, signaling to the old woman on the bridge. She dropped the purse squarely into his hands.

"Ooray for 'er Majesty," called the youth, his gay voice continuing to sound merrily as the barge disappeared up the river.

Finally the old woman turned to Hoskins. "Good night, sir, and God bless you in the New Year," she said softly, and walked away. Hoskins stood motionless, gazing up the river after the small hazy object that was the barge. There was a sentimental look in his eye, and a softness in the droop of his mouth. "God bless them," he breathed. "I would 'a been a bad way, that, to begin the New Year."

BEDFORD GAZETTE

VICTOR E. P. BARKMAN
Editor and Publisher

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The Gazette is the leading news-
paper of Bedford County and its cir-
culation is far ahead of any of its
contemporaries. As an advertising
medium it is one of the best in this
part of the state.

Card of Thanks 50c, Resolutions
of Respect, \$1.00, Obituary Poetry
5c per line. Memorial Poetry 5c per
line.

Friday, December 26, 1924

PENNSYLVANIA
STATE ITEMS

Lancaster.—An ordinance will be in-
troduced into councils to prohibit the
sale of all but tuberculin tested milk.

Harrisburg.—Authority of congress
for the construction of a bridge across
the Susquehanna river opposite Mar-
ket street, was sought in a bill in-
troduced by Senator Pepper.

Pottsville.—Harry Oxenrider, of
Tower City, was instantly killed and
his father, George Oxenrider, is in a
critical condition, probably blinded,
as a result of a premature explosion
of a blast at the Brookside colliery
of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal
and Iron Company. The son leaves a
widow and several children.

Ligonier.—Working in gas masks,
drillers succeeded in removing a drill
from the bottom of the People's Nat-
ural Gas Company well near here.
The well, sunk to a depth of 7428 feet,
is the deepest producing well in the
world. Drilling will be resumed in an
effort to get away from the hydrogen
sulphide now being thrown off with
the gas.

Philadelphia.—John Dugan, 41 years
old, colored, was fatally injured by a
bullet accidentally discharged from a
revolver, which dropped from the hol-
ster of Motorcycle Patrolman Walter
Weir as he was adjusting his belt in
the garage of the Majestic Hotel. Du-
gan, who was employed in the garage,
died a short time later in St. Joseph's
Hospital. Weir after taking the in-
jured man to the hospital surrendered
to his lieutenant and was held for a
hearing.

Belleville.—After a service of one
year as district attorney, Arthur C.
Dale, of this place, was appointed by
Governor Pinchot to fill the vacancy
on the Centre county common pleas
bench caused by the recent death of
Judge Henry C. Quigley. In addition
to being the county's prosecuting of-
ficer he has held several other offices
of legal character in the county.

Towanda.—Through a decision
handed down by Judge Maxey of
Scranton the Lehigh Valley Railroad
property at Sayre, originally assessed
at \$1,500,000, becomes exempt from
local taxation. Bradford county, the
county poor district, Sayre borough
and Sayre school districts are af-
fected. At the present rate these
taxes on property amounted to \$11,
610 yearly. The Lehigh Valley in its
suit started in September, 1923, ob-
jected to what it complained was
double taxation, the property already
having been taxed by the state on its
stock.

West Chester.—Charles W. Frame
was ousted as chief of the fire depart-
ment after a lengthy session of coun-
cil, which filled the position by the
appointment of William Middleton, of
the Good Will Fire Company, a former
chief. Middleton was named in
answer to a petition signed by mem-
bers of all the fire companies.

Norristown.—Joseph Korkus, of
Bridgeport, has brought suit against
Frederick Nelson, of Phoenixville,
claiming \$15,000 for personal injuries
resulting from Nelson's automobile
colliding with his motorcycle on Val-
ley Forge Park Boulevard.

Pittsburgh.—"The time is not far
distant when universities will start
giving aid through courses in the cur-
riculum to students in the selection of
mates," says Dr. Clyde B. Moore, as-
sociate professor of education in the
University of Pittsburgh. Dr. Moore,
who teaches a course, "The Family as
a Social and Educational Institution,"
at the university, emphasizes the need
of help experienced by young folks
in the selection of a husband or a
wife. He believes the modern family
has lost much of its strength as an
institution through unwise selections
in mating.

Pottstown.—William Fisher, of
South Pottstown, while driving his
automobile along a road in the Per-
kamen Valley section, struck a 10-
pound coon and stunned it. He halted
the car and killed the animal, one
of the biggest ever seen in this sec-
tion. Victor Anderson, a Sanatoga
farmer, killed a monster skunk that
he found curled up asleep in a nest
in his chicken house. It was fat and
looked as if it had been eating eggs
the farmer had been missing.

Chester.—While working on top of
a condenser at the plant of the Pure
Oil Company at Marcus Hook Har-
vey Mousley, 21 years old, of Booth's
Centre, missed his footing and fell 40
feet to the ground, suffering a frac-
ture of the skull and internal injuries.
Dr. Leon Gottschalk, physician in
charge of the quarantine station, pro-
nounced him dead.

Altoona.—For the fourteenth time
William F. Eberle was elected pres-
ident of the school board.

Harrisburg.—Michigan automobili-
license plates for 1924 will be recog-
nized in Pennsylvania for seven
weeks after January 1, the Highway
department announced.

Shamokin.—While walking to his
work at a colliery, near here, Samue-
l Olley, aged 65, was killed by a loco-
motive.

Uniontown.—Seven hundred addi-
tional coke ovens have been fired in
the Fayette field, bringing the total
number in operation to 2000.

Mahanoy Plane.—Frank J. Don-
stock, proprietor of the Donstock Ho-
tel, fell 60 feet from the roof, fractur-
ing several ribs and sustained internal
injuries.

Field Hill.—Dean Sipe, aged 70
years, was found dead in bed at his
home.

Lansford.—Stephen Skorack, of this
place, is dead and John Pislak, of
Conditale, is under \$1000 bail charged
with having fired the shot that caused
Skorack's death while hunting deer.
The shooting occurred near Albright's
ville, a rifle ball passing through Sko-
rack's stomach. Before death Sko-
rack exonerated Pislak of all blame,
but the latter gave himself up to the
authorities. When Pislak heard a
noise in the brush he fired, thinking
it to be a deer, he said.

Sharon.—Nick Jankovitch, aged 9,
died in Buhl Hospital, after being
shot in the abdomen with a revolver
in the home of Mike Kukuly, in Far-
rell, by Mike Bokish, 16, who has dis-
appeared. County Detective William
Taylor learned that the boys had
quarreled. Whether the shot was in-
tentional or accidental has not been
determined. Jankovitch was an or-
phan. His mother died last spring and
his father was killed in an accident
a week ago.

Fountain Hill.—John A. Host, aged
65, dropped over dead after eating a
hearty noonday meal.

Bethlehem.—Mrs. Sallie Keiper
Delly, this city's oldest resident, is dead
at the age of 103, death coming sud-
denly as she was drinking a cup of
coffee.

Harrisburg.—The Public Service
Commission notified the Girard Water
Company, a subsidiary of the Girard
Estate of Philadelphia, that they can-
not increase the water rates at Shen-
andoah Heights, proposed to take ef-
fect January 1.

Stroudsburg.—The close of the deer
hunting season was marred by a fatal
accident. Leroy Berger, 20, of Poccono
Lake, being the victim, having been
shot by the discharge of his own gun
while stooping over to tie his shoe-
string. Accompanied by his uncle and
several other men young Berger went
into the woods not far from his home
for a final try at deer. His shoe be-
coming untied he placed his gun butt
down on the ground, the muzzle rest-
ing against his breast. The gun slip-
ped, the weapon being discharged, the
bullet tearing a gaping wound just be-
low his heart.

Lebanon.—The largest farm prod-
ucts show ever held in Lebanon coun-
ty opened in Malta Hall here.

Pittsburgh.—While playing with an
automatic pistol in St. Peter and St.
Paul's parochial school, Herman
Quast, 14, an eighth grade pupil, ac-
cidentally discharged the weapon and
shot a toe off his left foot. Twenty-
five other pupils in the room sprang
from their seats terror stricken when
the gun was discharged, but order was
quickly restored and Quast was re-
moved to a hospital. The boy said
he had found the pistol at home, and
not knowing it was loaded took it to
school. He concealed the weapon in
his desk and while showing it to pu-
pils nearest him the gun was disch-
arged, the bullet penetrating the top of
his shoe and severing the toe.

Pottsville.—Pennsylvania laurel, as
green on the hills now as it is in mid-
summer, was shipped out of here in
large quantities to Iowa. Former
residents of this state remembering the
green appearance of the laurel,
ordered large quantities for decorative
purposes. The whole of Centre
street here is decorated with the green
leaves, which the frost is unable to
destroy or mar.

Allentown.—Judge Claude T. Reno
in court here, reappointed Owen W.
Metzger and William E. Kuhns, local
business men, as members of the
board of prison inspectors. The
three county commissioners are the
other members of the board, which
will organize on New Year's day.

Reading.—The first death in Berks
county this season attributed to freez-
ing weather is reported from Albany
township. The body of James Lar-
kin, 35, missing for three days, was
found frozen stiff in the shallow wa-
ters of a small creek at Albany Sta-
tion by Charles Snyder, who lives
nearby. The man is believed to have
wandered into the creek bed and to
have fallen into the water and froz-
ed to death. He was single and lived
in a cabin belonging to a paint mak-
ing company at whose plant he was
employed. His body was only par-
tially clad.

Reading.—A girl baby about 3 weeks
old was found in a field near the
home of William Bucher, of Birdsboro,
by a member of the household. The
child was heard crying shortly after
an automobile had been stopped near
the house and then proceeded. The
baby was expensively dressed in em-
broidered clothing and was heavily
wrapped to protect her from the cold.
She was brought to a Reading hos-
pital.

Lancaster.—State police seized
the Lexington Hotel near Lancaster and
Swan Hotel at Rothsville and arrested
both the proprietors.

Carlisle.—The appointment of a bor-
ough planning commission of five
members has been announced by Bur-
gess Alexander with the approval of
council.

Legal Advertising

MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS

The annual meeting of the Stock-
holders of the First National Bank of
Schellburg, Pa., for the election of
directors to serve for the ensuing
year will be held at the Banking
house on the second Tuesday of Jan-
uary 1925, between the hours of 10
a. m. and 11 a. m.

W. C. Keyser,
Cashier.

Dec 26, Jan. 9

ELECTION NOTICE

Members of the Friend's Cove
Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance
Company are hereby called to meet
in their office at Charlesville on
Tuesday, January 13, 1925 at 9:00
a. m. for the purpose of nominating
and electing officers and directors
for the ensuing year.

D. H. Whetstone, Sec'y
Dec. 26, Jan. 9

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF Drucilla Beals, late
of Londonderry Township, Bedford
County, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been
granted the undersigned executor
named in the last will and testament
of Drucilla Beals late of Londonderry
Township, Bedford County, Pa., de-
ceased, all persons having claims or
demands against the estate of the
said decedent are hereby notified to
present the same without delay for
payment, and all persons indebted to
said estate are requested to make
prompt payment of the same.

Hyndman, Pa.
B. F. Madore, Attorney.

L. I. Stallings,
Executor.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF Harry R. Smith, late
of East St. Clair Township, Bedford
County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the
above estate having been granted to
the undersigned, all persons indebted
to the said estate are requested to
make prompt payment, and those
having claims to present the same
without delay to

Clara S. Smith,
Administratrix,
Fishertown, Pa.

Charles R. Mock,
Attorney.
Bedford, Pa.
Dec. 19, Jan. 22

FRIEND'S COVE

REFORMED CHARGE

Rev. R. R. Jones, pastor
The Cove: Sunday School at 9:30
Church Service at 10:30 a. m.
Trinity: Sunday School at 1:30
Church Service at 2:30 p. m. rededi-
cation of building after improve-
ments have been made.

ST. JOHN'S REFORMED CHURCH

Rev. J. Albert Eyler, pastor
Sunday School 10 A. M. Divine
Worship 11 A. M. Subject: "The Mes-
sage of the Dying Year." Installation
of officers and teachers of Sunday
School. Divine Worship 7:30 P. M. A
message upon 1 Cor. 14:34,35, post-
poned from December 21st.

WEEKLY HEALTH TALK

The health talk of the Pennsylva-
nia Department of Health is pre-
pared this week by Dr. Charles H. Min-
er, Secretary of Health, Dr. Miner
says:

"The principal causes of malnutri-
tion in children are first, physical
defects that interfere with growth,
such as tonsils and adenoids, which
have been discussed in previous
health talks.

Two other important causes are
overfatigue and improper diet. Every
child should have ten hours' sleep.
He should not have long hours of
study in the evening or stay up late
for parties.

Lack of food is not so frequent as
improper food. Milk is the best and
most important food for growing
children. Tea and coffee should not
be given at all. Bread and cereals
should furnish at least one third of
a child's diet. Vegetables and fruit
are always to be included. Eggs,
fish, fowl and meat are usually
taken more readily than the cereals
and are valuable if not taken in too
large quantities.

Every child should have a sub-
stantial breakfast, a hearty dinner,
a light supper and milk between
meals if underweight."

GOITRE REMOVED

Without Knife, Needle, Pain or
Stain. Liniment Used

Mrs. E. E. Marks, Millersburg,
Pa., says she will be glad to tell any-
one her experience removing goitre
with Sorbol-Quadruple.

Sold at all drug stores or write
Sorbol Company, Mechanicsburg,
Ohio. Locally at John R. Dull's.

Life's Surprises.

Life is a series of surprises. We
do not guess today the mood, the
pleasure, the power of tomorrow,
when we are building up our being.

HYNDMAN

W. S. Rose, American railway ex-
press route agent, of East Liberty
was a caller here last Wednesday.

Miss Martine Topper, a junior of
the local High School, is in Pitts-
burgh, where she will spend some
time with relatives.

Mrs. Levy Shaffer, aged 70 years,
dropped dead in the Baltimore and
Ohio station in Rockville last Wed-
nesday morning at 8 o'clock. Death
was caused by heart failure. Mrs.
Shaffer was an active member in the
Reformed church of this place and
was buried from her home at 3
o'clock Saturday afternoon.

Roy Shaffer was a recent caller at
Goosebury.

Donald Logason is spending sev-
eral weeks with relatives in Johns-
town.

Mason Kurr and Raymond Evans,
who have spent some time in Clevel-
and, have returned to their homes.

John Harderode and Maurice Shaf-
fer were among the Tuesday caller
in Ellerslie.

Mrs. Jake Emerick and grand
daughters Helen and Mabel, have re-
turned from a pleasant visit in Pitts-
burgh.

Christopher Shaffer and Allen
Temke were circulating among
friends in Cumberland last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Metsker have
returned to their home in Altoona
after spending some time with Mrs.
Metsker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Noel.

Bert Gaster is spending some of
his time trimming the trees in the
front of his residence.

Among the recent callers in Cum-
berland were David Rees, Charles
Sproul, Mrs. Wagner and daughter
Katherine, and Mrs. Henry Temke.

Miss Katherine Hayman is home
after spending some time at Norris-
town.

Mrs. Ella Wilhelm of Youngstown,
O., and Miss Abigail Penrose of Phil-
adelphia attended the funeral of the
late Mrs. Shaffer, who died last Wed-
nesday morning.

Vernon Kurr had his nose severe-
ly injured at football practice on
Wednesday afternoon at the baseball
field.

Mrs. Sollenburger and daughter
Louise and son Robert, of Everett,
were last Thursday afternoon callers
here.

Miss Pearle Bruner, assistant post-
mistress was in Bedford last Thurs-
day afternoon.

There were a number of Hyndman
people who spent last Wednesday in
Cumberland. Among those were Mrs.
Charles Logue, Mrs. Edward Ander-
son, Mrs. Donald Goodman, George
Bush and Mr. Leonard.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Kennel and
family motored to Cumberland where
they spent Thursday.

Pete Cook, clerk at the B. & O.
station, was in Bedford last Thurs-
day afternoon.

Earle Leep was a Thursday after-
noon caller at Madley.

Grant Shoemaker and Mr. and Mrs.
Gaster and son Robert, were at East
Freedom where they spent some time
with relatives.

Miss Helen Kennell of Washington,
D. C., is spending the Christmas hol-
idays with Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Ken-
nell.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Whetstone of
Everett are spending some time with
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard.

James Phillips of Pittsburgh is
spending the Christmas holidays with
relatives here.

WOODBURY

Miss Amanda Byers is visiting her
sister, Mrs. Elmer Brubaker and
family in Hollidaysburg.

Dr. Harper G. Imler of Philadel-
phia is spending his Christmas vaca-
tion with his parents, Mr. and Mrs.
G. R. Imler.

Mrs. Orle Coy and daughter, Miss
Helen, have stored their goods and
are spending several months with the
former's aunt, Mrs. Henry Claycomb,
in Alum Bank.

Miss Ruth Myers of Lancaster is
a guest in the homes of J. L. Long-
enecker and Rev. J. E. Rowland.

E. E. Grace and wife, D. A. Stone-
brook, Mrs. Elizabeth Kensing and
William Grace assisted D. B. Carper
in butchering four fine porkers last
Wednesday.

Mrs. Fannie Stay, Cyrus Sell and
L. R. Weber, members of the board
of education of Woodbury borough,
attended county institute at Bedford
last Wednesday.

Rev. J. E. Rowland and family mo-
tored to Hagerstown, Md., last Thurs-
day where they will be present at the
golden wedding of his parents, Rev.
and Mrs. John Rowland.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Imler, who were
injured Sunday afternoon when their
car skidded and fell in the creek at
Logue's corner, are not getting along
as well as can be expected. At this
time they are still confined in the
home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Det-
wiler, where they are being kindly
hours under conditions similar to those
encountered in shipment and hauling

Moorehead's Market
Best Quality Lowest Prices

May we express our
APPRECIATION

of your good will by wishing you
a Christmas of Joy and a New
Year of increasing Happiness
and Prosperity.

Opening January 1st.
Riverside Repair Shop
CHARLES MOWERY, Jr.
Bedford, Pa.

General Auto Repairing
Wiring
Generators Starters
Formerly
NEVITT'S MACHINE SHOP

Richelieu Theatre
Bedford, Pa.

Our Motto—"Clean Pictures"
Shows Start 7:15 and 9:00 P. M.

NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAM

MONDAY—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29—30

"THE SILENT STRANGER"—FRED THOMSON, world's
champion athlete, with SILVER KING, the most remarkable
horse in the world. Alive with virile action and hazardous stunts,
a fast moving, speedy picture filled with Western adventure.
News and SPORTLIGHT. Prices 15 and 30 cents.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31

"DARING CHANCES"—JACK HOBUE supported by the fa-
mous Universal Ranch Riders, in a dynamic thriller, featuring a
thunderous heart-grIPPING rodeo steeple chase and a fight on
the edge of a sheer, treacherous cliff. A clean strong outdoor
story. ALBERTA VAUGHN in A TELEPHONE GIRL comedy
"LOVE AND LEARN". Prices 15 and 30 cents.

THURSDAY—FRIDAY—SATURDAY, JANUARY 1—2—3

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"—FROM THE LIFE OF AMERICA'S
GREATEST MAN HAS COME THE GREATEST MOTION PICTURE.
FEW PICTURES ARE TRULY GREAT, BUT NEVER IN
THE SCREEN'S HISTORY A PICTURE AS GREAT AS THIS.
HERE IS ROMANCE, DRAMA, HUMOR AND THRILL. LIVE
THROUGH THE THRILLING EVENTS THAT CEMENTED A
NATION WITH THE MEN WHO GUIDED ITS DESTINY. KNOW
HIS STRUGGLES, HIS ROMANCE, THE HUMOR AND DRAMA
OF HIS GREAT LIFE, WHICH WAS HIDDEN BY HISTORY'S
RED DYES. HUMAN BEYOND COMPARE! MATINEES ON
THURSDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2:30 P. M. Prices 25—50 cents

Next Week "SUNDOWN"
Coming soon "AMERICA"

FISHERTOWN

Mrs. Clara Blattenberger and
daughter Mary are spending this
week with friends in Washington, D.
C.

Miss Anna Blackburn is spending
the week with friends in Bedford.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Hoover and son
George spent the week end with
friends in Cresson.

S. B. May was called to Clearfield
last Sunday to attend the funeral of
a nephew.

Miss Nellie Thomas is visiting
friends in Cleveland.

Our Sunday Schools all received
their annual treat last Sunday.

Mrs. Sarah Blattenberger who has
been sick for some time is not much
improved.

Whetstone and Diehl of Bedford
were transacting business in our
town last week and succeeded in
selling two Delco plants.

Bacteria in Milk Can.

An unsterilized milk can yielded 16,
000,000 bacteria at the first rinsing in
the United States Department of Agricul-
ture experiments after being held 24
hours under conditions similar to those
encountered in shipment and hauling

STOP THAT BACKACHE!

Many Bedford Folks Have Found
the Way.

Is a dull, nerve-racking backache
wearing you out? Do you feel older
and slower than you should? Are
you tired, weak and nervous; find it
impossible to be happy, or enjoy the
good times around you? Then there's
something wrong and likely it's your
kidneys. Wh- not get at the cause?
Use Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic
to the kidneys. Your neighbors
recommend Doan's. Read what this
Bedford resident says:

Mrs. J. F. Leonard, 138 Spring St.,
says: "I was bothered with a steady
pain in my back. When I stooped, I
was taken with a sharp, knife-like
pain across my kidneys. Dizzy spells
bothered me and specks appeared
before me. Mornings when I got up, I
had a tired feeling. My kidneys
didn't act as they should either. After
using several boxes of Doan's Pills I
was cured entirely."

Mrs. Leonard is only one of many
Bedford people who have gratefully
endorsed Doan's Pills. If your back
aches—if your kidneys bother you,
don't simply ask for a kidney re-
medy—ask distinctly for DOAN'S
PILLS, the same that Mrs. Leonard
had—the remedy backed by home
testimony. 60 cents at all dealers.
Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo,
N. Y. "When Your Back is Lame—
Remember the Name."

Greetings

It is with more than ordinary pleasure that we extend to our many friends of Bedford, Bedford County and everywhere our greetings this Holiday Season.

May our wishes for your present and future happiness and comfort be multiplied many fold each succeeding day.

Our ardent desire is that we may have the opportunity to express our happiness to you in person for the privilege of being able to call you our friends.

The Yuletide Season is a summing up of the year's work and a reckoning for favors received and a gladdening of the heart for those given on the principle that "It is more blessed to give than to receive". The author of the little phase below "A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year", framed a slogan that will never die and it is with the sincerest mind that we express the same to you. We wish we could have the power to help to please all the boys and girls of Bedford County, and especially those in destitution and poverty. That would be the grandest inspiration for 1925 we know. We hope that all the afflicted will receive glorious gifts for their comfort and happiness and the New Year will be good to them.

Gazette Publishing Company

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to All

SCHILLSBURG

We wish all readers of the Gazette a "Merry Christmas".

Mr. Paul Gumbert of Conemaugh spent the week end with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. C. Gumbert.

Rev. Eisenberg of Lancaster is spending several days here. He preached in the Reformed church on Sunday evening.

Rev. E. J. Himes is spending the holidays with his parents at Brookville.

Miss Mary Keyser, a student at Harrisburg, is home for her vacation. Miss Mary Fitzsimons of Pittsburgh

week end with Mrs. Don Mark at Huntingdon.

Miss Josephine Nicodemus of Cessna visited Miss Olive Acker a day or so last week.

Miss Mildred Mowry visited relatives in Altoona last week.

Miss Beatrice Fisher has been on the sick list for several days.

Miss Margaret Smith, of Bedford, spent last week with her uncle, Lawrence Shaffer of near town.

Miss Ruth Snively of Washington, D. C. is spending her vacation with her parents.

David Daugherty and family of Shanksville spent the week end with

on Dry Ridge one night last week digging for gold and treasure supposed to have been buried on the farm of one of the crowd years ago. The story goes that they were to do their work without speaking but one of the number broke the charm by speaking so they gave up and came home, we suppose wiser than before.

NEW BUENA VISTA

Mr. Herbert Fisher made a trip to Hyndman on Friday afternoon.

Mr. Edward Fair has purchased a new Nash Six Touring car.

Miss Ruth Hyde, teacher in the

Greensburg, Pa., over Xmas.

Dr. Clark and his theatrical troupe are showing in the high school auditorium at Hyndman this week. They next expect to go to Ellerslie, through the north eastern part of Md., and back again to Penna.

Mr. James Horn some time ago purchased a Fordson Tractor for use in his farming.

Rev. Carl W. Isenberg of Huntingdon delivered a sermon in the church here on Sunday morning, Schillsburg and New Paris later in the day. Rev. Isenberg is a student in the Theological Seminary at Lancaster

here on Monday after a week's suspension over Institute.

Mr. Ambrose Hyde and son Clarence and families of Dry Ridge were at the county seat on Thursday.

Building and getting wood is general occupation of the people in this neighborhood.

Unofficial reports are that the new State Highway from Mann's Choice to Somerset will soon be started. The Somerset division of workers are building it down to the county line this coming summer. This road is very much needed and will

up with Xmas entertainments.

Mr. George Weyant has gone to Johnstown to secure employment.

Messrs. Earl, Clarence and Glenn Hillegass from Johnstown spent the week end with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Dull of Johnstown visited relatives and friends over Saturday and Sunday.

A large number of local School Directors attended the Directors' Convention at Institute in Bedford on Wednesday and Thursday, December 17, 18.

Mr. Russell Corley has gone to

SINNERS IN HEAVEN

BY CLIVE ARDEN

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"D—n them!" he ejaculated. "They must see that fire!"

Barbara held her breath, every nerve taut. But as the strain seemed to reach breaking point, the machine slackened speed. With sudden cessation of noise, her engines were shut off, and she came swiftly down in large circles until low over the water; then she turned and flew slowly back outside the barrier reef. Turning again, she rose a little, flying up toward the beacon—then round again, and back to the reef.

Alan could recognize her now for a seaplane. Seeing two figures upon her, once more he waved, shouting vociferously. With a graceful swoop down, again she turned, sinking lower and lower; until at last she rested upon the calm waters of the lagoon, and came skimming lightly toward the shore.

A silence of horror had fallen upon the natives. Some dropped on their knees or flung themselves on their faces, not daring to look seaward; others stood still as death, their glittering eyes never wavering from the figure of their white chief, their hands grasping their weapons—ready at a word to dash forward, with their blood-curdling yells, to his aid.

Then one or two rubbed their eyes, as if unable to see aright. The white chief was waving out, unarmed, into the rippling wavelets, to meet the awful bird of ill omen. They looked fearfully at one another; then held their breath. He had returned to land. . . . Two queer figures enveloped in much clothing, with fearsome goggles protruding from their heads, were descending from between the vast wings. . . . The white chief and his wife were talking, laughing, wringing their hands again and again. . . . But lo! the huge eyes fell from those faces. . . . The natives lifted up their voices in a howl of fear.

Down by the water, a babel of English and French voices, torrents of questions pouring forth in both languages, the replies unheeded in the mutual relief, surprise and excitement! The two Frenchmen mixed both tongues indiscriminately, shaking the Englishman's hands again and again, kissing those of the girl in their demonstrative exuberance.

They had, it transpired, been swept from their bearings in a thunder storm, having accepted a bet to fly from America to Honolulu, thence to Australia, in their small seaplane. While endeavoring to recapture their route between the two latter places, faced with engine trouble, they had perceived the beacon flaring below.

They introduced themselves—Philippe and Louis de Borceau, thirsting for adventure to enliven the monotony of post-war existence. Advancing a few steps Croft addressed the bewildered natives in words whose utter unintelligibility caused the two strangers to gaze at him, then at the girl an uneasy suspicion rising in their minds that the Englishman's brain had softened. However, a relief was obvious among the group of blacks, and a murmur of voices broke forth.

Croft returned, and further explanations were given. Bit by bit the excited Frenchmen grasped the main facts of this extraordinary situation. "Votre nom?" cried the elder. "En route to Australia, you tell us? But I remember—ditte moi—quick—your name, M'sieu?"

Upon hearing it, the little Frenchman danced. "Ciel! I remember!" cried Louis. "All de world was interested! It was thought you all perish. But you and —" He paused. He glanced at Barbara, at the hand which, instinctively, she had clasped round Alan's arm. . . .

And in that pause, something cold and clammy seemed to clutch the girl's heart, causing her to grip closer the arm she held.

Alan put his hand over hers. "My wife," he said very clearly. "Something seemed to contract in Barbara's throat, rendering speech impossible.

The world had thrown a shadow across the perfect blue.

Proud of their home, they led their guests further for food, when the seaplane had been safely beached. There during the meal, they explained the native trouble. The idea of fighting anything or anybody thrilled both these adventurous young men.

"Vat guns have you?" they asked. "Vat ammunition?"

When informed of the lack of firearms, and shown the bows, arrows, spears and crossed wooden swords they sat and gazed. The weapons no less than the hut, with its many ingenious devices for use and comfort aroused their keenest interest.

"Eh! But it is a leetle paradise!" cried Philippe. "Vat you call 'cosy'?"

All ze chairs! And a table! And ze flowers!" He turned to Barbara, when Alan went out to restore order among the natives. "You have turned ze wilderness into home, Madame! It is dat you vill not like to leave it! Oul?"

She looked around the familiar room she loved so well, out through the doorway to the black figures in the garden, which had been such a pride—and again she felt her heart contract.

The shadowy outside world had once more become a tangible reality.

VII

The engine trouble proved more serious than the Frenchmen had anticipated. Any idea of a dash to civilization for succor was abandoned. Until the sun had set and the moon risen, the three men worked upon it. Croft, with the delight of a child over the return of some long-lost toy. When a short trial trip was made, he took the pilot's seat.

Another sharp spasm of pain shot round Barbara's heart, as she looked round upon the faces she knew so well. Much as rescue would mean to them both, the thought of renouncing their free life here filled her with grief. The prospect of bowing again to all the little rules making a maze of civilization chilled her. The analogy presented itself to her mind of being slowly caught up into some huge net spreading over the universe, beyond which lay this little wilderness where she had dwelt and learned to love.

Croft's instinct was to send her away to immediate safety; but that proved impossible. He conferred lengthily with the two brothers, under cover of their work together. Afterward, leaving Louis to finish, he and Philippe went indoors to pore over charts, discuss routes and conclude arrangements. When, later, the two aviators, dead tired after their adventures, were rolled in their huge coats upon the floor, he drew Barbara into their bedroom and unfolded the plans.

Should Babooma attack in the night, the Frenchmen, however zealous, would obviously fail to distinguish friends from foe. Their responsibility, therefore, would be the safeguarding of the women and children in the hut—Barbara's welfare being their special consideration.

"Should things go badly, and Babooma manage to do me in," he continued hurriedly, "trust yourself entirely to them; they know what to do and where to go. If, after all, he doesn't attack, but waits for us to move, Philippe de Borceau will take you away at daybreak and send help. His brother will stay with me."

She demurred hotly to this, unwilling to leave him in danger, protesting against being compelled to desert her post among the frightened women. The argument waxed long and heated between them. But, when Croft's mind was finally and irrevocably made up, anger and tears proved it availing. Only by reminding her of the debt owed to another; by prevailing upon all her rising motherhood, did he at last break down her resistance.

"But my mental agonies will be worse than physical ones!" she assured him, rebelliously. "I hope Babooma attacks tonight. Then we can face him together, and know the result."

The two Frenchmen being utterly worn out, he forbore to suggest their going at once by moonlight; over which forced delay she secretly exulted.

The stillness around was intense. Now and then it was broken by the cry of a child, quickly hushed again. Within the palisade, the black forms of the men lay close to the ground, with here and there a pair of eyes watching, sentinels, between the stakes. With the two Frenchmen to protect the girl from treachery, Croft felt pretty confident over the result of any night attack. Well aware of the black chief's desires for her, he had warned De Borceau of this danger.

"If things go against us and you see me bowled over, don't wait—don't risk a moment—go!" he had insisted, "even if it means physical force!"

And De Borceau, like many another, found himself following this man's best, with a zeal and fealty inspired solely by personality. He swore obedience to the last letter.

Laying his cheek against hers, Alan became aware, in the moonlit darkness, of the tears upon it.

"Not crying?" he whispered. She buried her face in his shoulder, saying nothing.

"It has been very beautiful," he murmured, stroking her hair.

Then they began to plan their future—picturing the journey together to England, the greetings, the meetings with those who thought them dead.

And ever the man's keen eyes watched the shadowy scene without,

his ears alert to every sound, as they had been on that other night long ago.

Presently, as before, he leaned quickly forward. For again the faint sound of breaking twigs had reached him.

Again, near the outskirts of the palm grove, he had caught sight of a shadowy form.

Barbara rose with him, aware without words that the moment of desperate action was upon them; glad of it, since now she could face the danger with her man.

"I must go," he murmured. "For a moment she clung to him. 'Take care!' she whispered passionately. 'Oh, my dearest, do take care!'"

Gently he disengaged himself, and kissed her.

"I shall be all right. Go to the women, Barbara, and keep them indoors." He hurried to the entrance; then turned back again. "Don't forget, if—Trust yourself to De Borceau if—"

Not finishing the sentence she dreaded to hear, he once more turned to go.

A tiny choked exclamation escaped her lips. He looked quickly round. Swiftly, with a sudden passionate movement, he seized her in his arms, straining her fiercely to him; then, as softly he released her, and she found herself alone.

The battle waged long and furious. For a time the men hidden on the hillside, after surprising the little army wrickling down the bay, kept it fiercely engaged, away from the hut. But gradually, to the girl's strained ears, the wild struggle seemed to draw nearer. . . . Presently, as she could tell by the excited yells close by, those men guarding the hut itself were attacked.

The fighting blood of the Frenchmen singled within them; they fingered their extraordinary, clumsy weapons, impatient to hurl themselves out into the fray—ever instinctively submitting to their orders, realizing the wisdom of the leader who had appointed each man his task with supreme insight into detail.

Soon the uproar raged round the palisade. Every now and then, a crashing, ripping sound was heard, proving portions to have been burst through and trampled down. The scuffling feet, snorting breath, muttered cries, blood-curdling shouts and yells, were close.

Penetrating the bamboo walls came venomous spear-points and sharp arrow-heads, sometimes piercing the shoulders of those standing near. . . . The women grew demented. . . . Barbara tried, unsuccessfully, to keep as many as possible in the central hut, where only the two end walls were exposed to the weapons; these points the Frenchmen guarded, ready for any onslaught.

Simultaneously, with dramatic suddenness, three things happened to end the terrible period of waiting.

With a startling crash, the outer wall of the sleeping hut gave way, and in surged a fighting medley of black figures. . . . From the other side, or, at least, a cloud of smoke and crackling flame arose. . . . The hut was on fire!

All power of restraining the women was past. As the Frenchmen dashed forward to meet the intruders on one side, and the black smoke belled in from the other, they turned with one accord, struggled madly in their stampede for the main entrance, then streamed out—wild with terror—into the cold gray of the early dawn. . . .

At the same time, from without, amid the general hubbub, one loud wailing cry arose, in a mixture of native and broken English tongues—a frightened, agonized cry: "The white chief! A-aa! a-aa! The white chief! A-aa! a-aa! The white chief! A-aa! a-aa! a-aa!"

It reached the ash-faced girl within. . . . and of that alone was she conscious. The roaring flames and blinding smoke, the struggling black men and shouting stream of women, faded from her eyes. Her work was finished here, and she never hesitated. Without a backward glance, she drew the revolver from her belt and dashed outside.

As she ran, gasping, up the slope, she paid no heed to her own danger—was unaware of both black and white men from the hut following in hot pursuit. . . . Again the dense medley parted before her eyes. At the same instant a spear sped through the air. Whizzing angrily, past her,

straight at two struggling forms. It flew with unerring judgment and buried its hideous point in the white man's back. He reeled, loosed his antagonist, threw groping arms wide. With a demoniacal cry of triumph, Babooma made a spring. . . .

As twice before, a sharp report reverberated, and the seething mass was momentarily obscured by smoke. . . .

A pair of black hands grasped the girl's arms as she tottered backward, dropping her smoking weapon. For a brief instant she recognized Roowa's face, which seemed to merge into that of De Borceau; then her senses slipped from her, and everything faded into oblivion.

Not knowing friend from foe, the struggle for her unconscious body was sharp and furious. But the two Frenchmen were fresh and uninjured; and Roowa's supporters had rushed on, in wild distress, to that other seething heap. . . . Just one glimpse of two prostrate forms being hoisted, amid a frenzy of fighting, walls and shouts—and the two white men devoted themselves to their oath. . . .

On trembling knees at last, bleeding, helpless, his cries drowned by the noise around and the roaring flames from the hut, Roowa watched the strangers seize the inert form of his white chief's wife, and disappear toward the coast.

The thick fighting mass had dissolved into odd struggling groups of twos and threes; the prostrate forms had disappeared. Away near the palm grove could be seen a quickly vanishing crowd of dark figures. . . . The flames belched forth from the burning hut, overcoming the early daylight.

Presently the steady monotonous drone of retreating engines blended with the rising wind of the dawn.

PART FOUR

Broken Harmony

I

Miss Davies, Mrs. Stockley's only remaining sister, placed a marker in her book; then laid it down upon a small table. Her face assumed the complacent expression of one about to perform a pleasant duty in accordance with her conscience.

"I think," she observed decisively, "Hugh should be warned."

Mrs. Stockley glanced up from the stole she was embroidering. "About what?" she asked.

"Barbara."

Her sister made a gesture of annoyance, which caused her to prick her finger; this increased her irritation. "I wish you would for once be explicit, Mary! You have thrown out dark hints about Barbara ever since we heard of her rescue. Why should Hugh be warned?"

"Are you so stupidly dense as you appear, Alice? Or are you wilfully blinding yourself?"

"I am no more stupid than the rest of my family, I hope!" snapped Mrs. Stockley, with much meaning.

"Well, then," continued her sister, ignoring this improbability, "you must realize that Barbara will most likely return—very changed. Indeed, from her one letter there seems no doubt about it. That was queer—very queer!"

Mrs. Stockley impatiently hunted among bundles of colored silks. "Of course she will be changed. She is two years older and has suffered ghastly experiences. She was very ill at Singapore; you couldn't expect long chatty letters!"

She spoke with unusual asperity. Two years of her sister's undiluted companionship had increased an inherent instinct toward contradiction, while developing a self-defensive alertness. Both were necessary in the radius of two sharp eyes ever quizzing through their lorgnette, two ears which seemingly reached all over the house, and a caustic tongue ready to reduce other people's follies or few ideas to shreds. Such gifts used at the expense of common acquaintances are a different matter, of course.

"Ah!" Miss Davies returned to the promptings of conscience with renewed relish. "You are as blind as Hugh, Alice. I saw him this afternoon, quite excited over meeting her tomorrow. He wants to have the wedding after Christmas. . . . of course it was not my business to say anything!"

Whether this self-discipline could have been maintained had not other people been present, is open to question.

"You don't understand Bab as well as Hugh and I do, you see," returned her sister complacently.

"No," she agreed, "but I understand Man!" Her lips closed with a snap, to give effect to the world of meaning in her words. "Don't you realize, Alice, that Barbara was attractive? And she has been flung, unchaperoned, for two years, into the society of a man who—well—had extremely loose ideas, and Bohemian ways—a man whose influence would be most questionable for any young girl."

Mrs. Stockley flushed. "Are you insinuating that Bab would be weak enough to allow him to influence her? After her careful upbringing, too? Why—looseness of any sort would be abhorrent to her! Her surroundings have always been strictly moral."

"I don't insinuate anything; but I wouldn't trust that man far, in such circumstances! We have yet to learn how he behaved."

"She did not allude to him in her letter."

"No. But—she did her utmost to get taken back to search for his body! Surely her chief desire should have been to hurry home to Hugh?"

Mrs. Stockley smiled impatiently.

"You are making mountains from molehills, Mary! She did that purely from humanitarian motives; it was only right and natural. Hugh thought so. He liked Captain Croft."

"Hugh is too trustful; that's why I am sorry for him. Frankly, Alice, I do not believe a man and woman could live in such isolation without coming to grief. I have seen too much of human nature."

"My dear Mary! what do you mean? You don't!"

Her sister held up a dignified hand to stop all interruption. "You must face it, Alice! Everybody is talking and wondering. Of course, it depends entirely upon the man. I don't imply that all men are beasts—as some women would who had seen as much of the world as I have. If he had a strong spiritual nature—a clergyman, perhaps. But that man!" She pursed her lips.

Mrs. Stockley gazed at her, her own face paling, her finger twitching the forgotten stole.

"Coming to grief!" she repeated, horrified. "Do you dare suggest my daughter would so disgrace her name and family as to allow—My dear Mary! it is preposterous! I would disown such a child. But Barbara! Why, I would trust her alone with any man, for forty years! She wouldn't dream of such things. Besides, Captain Croft was Mrs. Field's cousin, of good family himself."

Martha, the old servant, hustled in at this moment with bedroom candles. She plumped them down upon the table, and her old face beamed at an excuse for garrulity over Barbara's return. When, snubbed, she departed, Mrs. Stockley faced her sister, candle in hand, with an air of outraged dignity.

"Mary" she said, "your conversation tonight has shocked me inexpressibly! I insist on your never breathing a word of your suspicions—either to Hugh or Barbara. If she has any painful memories—she will confide in me. Of course, I did not know Captain Croft well, nor like him; but—poor child! Her sufferings may have been worse than I ever imagined. Good night!"

With unusual decision she opened the drawing room door, and went to bed. But she lay long awake thinking over her sister's remarks. One alone stood out clearly, gathering force with every minute: "Everybody is talking and wondering."

Everybody eagerly devoured all scraps of news; but the supply was scanty. After being brought to Singapore, the heroine remained there, ill, unable to be moved for a time.

A certain reticence surrounded this illness, prostration being given as the natural cause. No trace of a white man's body was found by the expedition sent, post-haste, to search the island. Only the charred remains of a hut, and a few dead natives, were discovered in the north. In the south, a small tribe of furious, armed savages offered a wildly hostile reception, making approach difficult, refusing any information other than a poisoned arrow. . . . Babooma had presumably recovered and wreaked his vengeance upon the body of his late antagonist.

When well enough, the girl had implored frantically, as one distraught, for facilities to return, herself, to search. This awakened a new interest, adding piquancy to the situation. But such quixotic madness could not be indulged by level-headed authorities. What could a girl accomplish where hosts of men had failed? No! The island had been thoroughly explored. The hostile faction of the natives was in possession; her return would be mere suicide, or worse. She was sent to England as soon as practicable.

But the De Borceau brothers, ever thirsting for adventure, understanding perhaps more of her sufferings and the true facts than they chose to publish, carried out to the end their oath to Croft. Only on the boat did they bid her farewell—then they returned to their charts and their seaplane. Nothing save death, so they vowed to her, in their exuberant French fashion, should deter them from learning final news of the man whose personality had won their generous admiration.

The key to more intimate, romantic drama was not forthcoming. Speculation flourished. What would be likely to happen in such circumstances? Would propinquity bring love in its train? And, if so—This entailed endless discussion, heated arguments. What would be right, and what wrong? Which would need most courage: to resist or—There were women who thought the reverse.

The fact of the girl being already engaged shed a further glamor of the dramatic over the adventure, making the uncertainty all the greater. Perhaps no problem had arisen after all. . . . But if it had? Did the two themselves have clear convictions on either side; and, above all, courage to be true to them?

This was the vital point all longed to know. The pair became invested with romance. . . . Women laid their heads together and wondered. . . . Dark surmises were murmured concerning that illness at Singapore. . . . Sentimental girls forgot their patience or cinema idols and cut Croft's photograph out of newspapers, half wishing they themselves had been wrecked with him. . . .

Meanwhile, through the darkness of winter nights and drabness of monotonous days, the ship plowed her way to England which bore one from the closed gates of an "earthly paradise," and agonized eyes still dazzled by the white she had left there to trim the little lamps of her Darbury home.

Mrs. Stockley smiled impatiently.

II

The boat train was late. Little groups of people, wrapped in heavy coats and furs, stood about the platform at Charing Cross chatting together; or promenade slowly, eying their fellows with furtive interest, or absorbed in their own reflections.

Hugh became convinced that both the station clock and his wrist-watch had stopped; yet the watch appeared to be ticking when, every few moments, he exclaimed it. He sighed, turned on his heel, and for the twentieth time started to walk the length of the platform and back: Impatience was a



Impatience Was a Novelty.

novelty, also the state of excitement in which he found himself: he hardly knew how to cope with such sensations.

Two years in his usual comfortable groove had changed Hugh very little. He managed his father's property, hunted, shot, played games, as of yore. If the tragic loss of Barbara had taken the keen-edge from his enjoyment of life, making him a little older and graver, it had not destroyed his interests in the wholesome occupations which came his way. After the first shock had abated, he found himself a forlorn hero among his many friends, who took him to their hearts and filed his days so that brooding became impossible. Perhaps more than mere sympathy lurked within the minds of mothers with marriageable daughters; but that suspicion never penetrated his brain. The girl who was part of his very life had gone: to none other did he give a moment's thought.

And now this Twentieth century miracle had happened! After what seemed a dull dream he awoke just where he was, when, so to speak, he fell asleep. His feelings were absolutely unchanged, except, perhaps, that they were intensified by loss. The possibility of any alteration in their relationship never even occurred to him. As has been mentioned before, he was not blessed—or cursed—with imagination.

When he had nearly reached the barrier, a sudden tension became apparent everywhere: conversations ceased, heads all turned one way, a flutter of expectancy passed over the scattered groups.

Hugh turned quickly. The huge engine, approaching, glided slowly alongside the platform, followed by the train which brought far travelers home again from distant lands.

Within a few minutes all was bustle and hurry. The platform swarmed with excited passengers, harassed porters, barrows, luggage.

He searched hither and thither for the figure he sought, anxiety slowly rising within him. As the crowd thinned, he took up his position just inside the barrier, where she was bound to come. Peering through the murky light, he hastily scanned each face that passed, without success.

When at last but a few stragglers remained, he made his way further down the platform a dull feeling of disappointment adding to his anxiety.

Casually his glance traveled over a thin figure in a dark coat and hat, seated upon a bench, a kindly, gray-haired porter standing near, suit-case in hand. . . . As he passed by, a voice he had once thought never to hear again caused him to turn sharply, with a leap of the heart.

"I shall be better in a minute. . . . Thank you, porter."

"Bah!" With probably the quickest movement of his life, Hugh reached the seat and seized the girl's trembling hands in his own. . . . Then all other words of greeting faded upon his lips: he was conscious of a sense of shock, a nameless apprehension. The general features of the face quickly raised were those he knew; but that was all. This woman with the heavy, haunted-looking eyes, the strained set lips, the curious rigidity of expression, bore no resemblance to the sweet-faced, impulsive girl who had clung round his neck at parting, in the cabin of the airplane. He felt checked, curiously embarrassed, as if with a stranger.

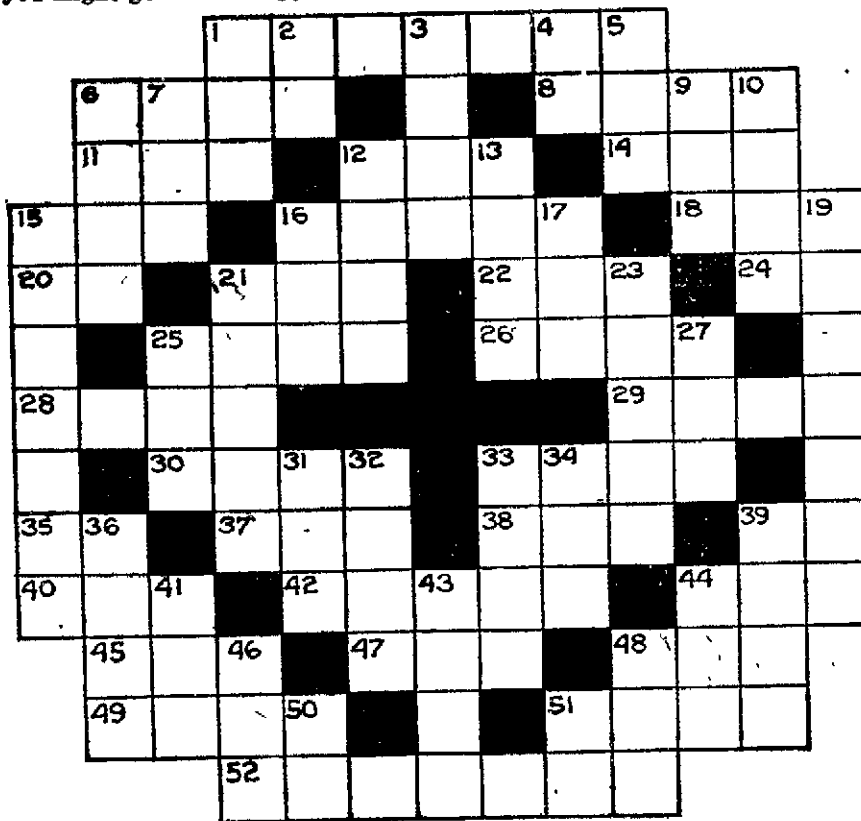
Still clasping her hands, he gazed at her silently, noting with alarm the ashen hue spreading even to her lips.

Several times she essayed to speak and failed. The porter, seeing no chance, discreetly moved a few steps away. At last Hugh heard his voice so charged with misapprehension, deepened, and

To be continued

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 4
"THE RAGGED EDGE"

Watch out for this one; it looks easy, but it has a few combinations that are sticklers. There are no technical words, but you'd better brush up on your geography. By the way, if you have a baby boy to name you might get a few suggestions from this. Notice the all-over interlock.



Horizontal.

(Copyright, 1924.)

Vertical.

- 1—Warrior
- 2—Plant cultivated for its fiber
- 3—Weapons
- 4—Beam
- 5—Insect
- 6—Woman under religious vows
- 7—To open
- 8—A sweet carbohydrate
- 9—Black, sticky substance
- 10—Preposition
- 11—Relative
- 12—High type animal
- 13—Father
- 14—To utter musical sounds
- 15—English boys' school
- 16—Smile
- 17—Vessel
- 18—Run away
- 19—Boy's name (abbr.)
- 20—Another boy's name (abbr.)
- 21—The sun
- 22—Boy's name (Swedish)
- 23—Conjunction
- 24—Small part of year
- 25—Ingenuous
- 26—Beer
- 27—Linear measure
- 28—Part of foot
- 29—Native metal
- 30—Crest of a hill
- 31—Upon
- 32—Mass deposited by glacier

- 1—Utter
- 2—Bevel quadruped
- 3—To stupefy
- 4—For example (abbr.)
- 5—Flee
- 6—College club (abbr.)
- 7—To lick up
- 8—A dry fruit
- 9—Break
- 10—Barrel opening
- 11—Pastime
- 12—Balled up
- 13—Indulge
- 14—Rodent
- 15—Ecstasy
- 16—Tangles
- 17—High in character
- 18—Daughter's nickname
- 19—Negative
- 20—Small particle
- 21—Parcel of land
- 22—Intertwined
- 23—Beer
- 24—Unlighted
- 25—Butter substitute
- 26—Over there (poetic)
- 27—Vidile-western state
- 28—Skill
- 29—Obstruct
- 30—Single
- 31—River in Europe
- 32—Preposition

The solution will appear in next issue.

THE
PRICE OF
A COAT

By MARY W. O'VINGTON

(© Doubleday, Page & Co.)

REBECCA HARRIS was thin and small, with dark, sad eyes, and drooping mouth. As she walked out of the department store into the cold night she told herself that never before had she been so tired; never at any time; not even Christmas eve. It had been a horrid day in the stuffy basement with customers pawing over marked-down coats, insisting that tight garments were too loose and loose garments too tight, taking up her time, and then going off to see if they could not get better bargains elsewhere. She had stood on her tired feet, and stretched her arms to fit tall women until her back was one long, monotonous ache, and she must face the same mad, rushing, bargaining crowd tomorrow.

The city was gray and cold, the streets slippery. Her lodging house, too, would be cold, and there would be no warm meal to await her. She had been spending money on clothes and must economize now on food. There was a slice of cold ham on the window-sill, but she was growing to loathe cold ham. If she could only afford a meal now, at the restaurant that she was approaching! It was always hard to get by this corner. She smelled the steaming fragrance of hot bread baking beneath her feet, and through the plate glass windows she caught glimpses of men and women eating at pretty tables lighted by candles with soft pink shades. It seemed to the tired salesgirl the most alluring, the most celestial place this side of paradise.

"Good evening. Looks pretty good in there, doesn't it?" A man was standing at her elbow. He was jaunty in appearance, with well-cut clothes and a soft hat. As he spoke he edged a little nearer to her side.

Rebecca edged away. All her life's training led her to, but she moved slowly, and the man following, said in a sympathetic voice: "Down on your luck tonight? I'm on top today. Suppose you come inside and we have the best dinner in town?"

Rebecca moved away, but with still slower steps. The rush of warm, fragrant air from the stones beneath made her sick with desire. They had turned the corner and had come to an other door of the restaurant. Throwing his arm about her, the man half-pushed the girl into the brightly lighted room. The head waiter beckoned them to a seat, and before she was half aware of what she had done she found herself sipping a cream soup and looking into the friendly face opposite.

It was a wonderful meal, four courses of sumptuous food, the fish with a delicate sauce, the chicken brown and tender, the ice cream smooth and rich, not like the coarse stuff that was all Rebecca could ever afford. For an hour, seated comfortably in the warm room, the girl ate and was refreshed. It was the finest dinner that she had ever known.

She hardly spoke at all. Her companion did not seem to mind, but watched her with a satisfied air, remarking occasionally on the food before them, criticizing this or praising that. He smoked a cigar while she ate her ice cream.

As they went out she tried to voice her thanks. "I was all done up," she said. "I never enjoyed anything so much before. You must have spent a heap on me. I saw you pay the waiter a ten, and you only got a one in change."

"That's all right," the man replied. "He had hold of her arm and was guiding her into a side street. 'Glad to do something for you. We'll walk a little down here.'"

Rebecca tried to draw away from him, but his hold tightened on her arm. "This isn't my way," she declared with as much firmness as she could muster. "Thank you so much and good-night."

Her companion still held her. "This way," he said, and jerked her toward the stoop of a nearby house. "It was a nice party, but it cost me a pretty penny, and it's your turn to pay now."

Then Rebecca woke from her dream of food and comfort and understood, and terror struck her, making her numb and cold and fear. She gripped hold of the nearby railing.

"I've been selling coats all day," she cried shrilly; "coats at eight-ninety-eight, just about what you paid out on me. Black coats, blue coats, brown coats. All sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four."

The man laughed. "You're a crazy kid," he said, "you and your coats." "Any size you want," she went on, "and all for eight-ninety-eight. Are you expecting to buy me as cheap as that?"

For answer he caught her up quickly, and half dragging, half carrying her, his arm against her mouth to stifle any cry, he brought her to the basement entrance of the house in front of which they had been standing.

Before the door opened a hand was on his shoulder. Turning he saw a policeman. He dropped the girl and the two stood, confronted by the majesty of the law.

The girl peered into the officer's face. "He gave me a dinner," her high voice quivered with fear and anger. "It cost nine dollars. I was

cold and hungry, and I thought he was paying for it; but no, I'm to pay for it. What yer think? He gives me chicken and some soup and ice cream and asks me to pay with myself? It took only an hour to eat, and I'm to pay for it all my life. That ain't a bargain, is it?"

She tore off her coat. "Give him this," she said. "It cost eight dollars and ninety-eight cents. I sold one to myself. Ain't it like a man to take the price of a piece of chicken and a soup, the price of a last year's style coat, and make you pay for it all your days? Ain't I worth more than a coat?"

She tumbled the garment into the arms of the astonished officer and dashed away, losing herself in the crowd by the restaurant. The two men faced each other. After a moment the officer laughed. "This belongs by rights to you," he said, thrusting the coat upon the other man. "Take it back and get it exchanged tomorrow." Throwing the garment over the other's arm he walked away. Before he turned the corner he looked back. The man still stood by the rail, the coat in his hands.

Nothing Ever Gained
by Looking Backward

By KEMAL STRAIGHT

The Forward Look! Forgetting the things that are behind, our eyes ever on the picture we have made of what we want in life, always pressing forward, and never looking back until we win our goal.

We let all kinds of things come between us and the thing we want to do—silly, useless things that turn us about, cause us to lose sight of our picture. Eyes front! Your picture is somewhere there ahead of you—waiting to be realized. It is not behind you.

Have your plan, your aim. No great picture was painted in a haphazard way. No goal was ever gained by looking backward. "Press on to the things that are before," the Good Book says.

It is vision which makes one man lead, makes him win. The capacity to see life in the large, to see the END as well as the beginning of any enterprise, is a great gift. This is true, even though at the time you may be only a minute figure in it.

Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania system since 1912, retired the other day after fifty-four years in the service. He had been clerk in a country store, a rodmann and chainman. If he had been satisfied, had not pictured something bigger and greater for himself, he would still be plodding on in the same capacity, or one little better. But Samuel Rea KNEW what he WANTED to do, what he COULD do. Promotion after promotion finally put him at the top. His picture has been painted on Life's screen. And it is the picture of success in his chosen work.

Do you for a moment think that if Samuel Rea had not had the Forward Look he would have succeeded? Do you imagine that had he kept constantly looking backward over his shoulder, instead of keeping his eyes straight ahead he ever would have seen his picture come true? Would he have occupied the position in the world he does today if he had been a doubting Thomas instead of an optimistic Samuel? Could he have been at the head of one of the greatest railroad systems in the world if he had let anything make him lose sight of his ultimate goal?

And what we have said of Samuel Rea may with equal force apply to his successor, Gen. W. W. Atterbury. He began in much the same small way; but by never looking backward, he is today putting the last touches to his picture of success.

There is no doubt either in his mind or in the minds of those who know him that the finished picture will be beautiful and wonderful to behold.

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Try This One

Two young attorneys—Arthur Walker and Harry Howard—argued long and loudly in court over a suit for \$5.25.

The judge finally interrupted the lawyers.

"My time is valuable, even if yours isn't," he said, giving a decision in favor of the plaintiff and paid the judgment out of his own pocket and remitted court costs.

"I would have to think too long before being able to decide the case on its legal merits and it isn't worth the effort," the judge said.—Los Angeles Times

Shoe-Throwing Custom

The practice of throwing an old shoe after a bride is, it seems, quite misapplied when it is done by some of her companions for luck. According to the spirit of the ceremony, which is of very ancient lineage, it should be done by the parent or guardian of the bride, as indicating a renouncing of all authority over her. Chieftains in feudal times took off their shoes and banded them to their conquerors in token of accepted defeat, from which practice this slipper-throwing custom is said to have descended.

Shakespeare and the Bible

The authorized version of the Bible was published when Shakespeare was alive; yet, though there are many mistakes in grammar in Shakespeare, as judged by the Twentieth century, there are only two in the Bible: "Whom do men say that I am?" and "heavier than them both." Proverbs 27:3 was there a vernacular and a literary language then, and did Shakespeare follow the man in the street rather than the man higher up?

DADDY'S
EVENING
FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

(Copyright by Western Newspaper Union)

THE TUG BOAT

"I can't stop and play," said the tug boat in the river.

"I'm going to have a beautiful morning," said the sailing vessel.

"What are you going to do?" the tug boat asked.

"Oh, I'm just going to rock a bit in my river swing. I shall rock to and fro."

"I'm going traveling tomorrow, but today I haven't a thing to do."

"I shall just rest myself and swing and see what is going on along the river."

"I shall watch the boats pass and I shall listen to all the river talk, for the boats all have their own voices, and their own different sounds."

"I so much enjoy the whistling, tooting talk of the river boats. Some have low voices and some have shrill voices."

"Some say: 'Get out of the way. I'm in a great rush.'"

"And others say: 'I'm coming slowly along and I am sure we will pass each other without any harm coming to either of us.'"

"Then there are others who call out: 'Hello, hello, hello' to each other. And still others who say: 'Well, see who I see! There are you. Did you have a good trip?'"

"Ah, I shall have a beautiful day, just enjoying myself and doing nothing."

"I should be glad to join you," the tug boat said. "But really I must be off very soon now."

"I have a good deal of work to do today. I have two scows to drag after me."

"You know how they are! They can't bear to hurry. And I have to

keep pulling them along and never give up until I get them where they are supposed to be."

"Well, I must be off now. Good-by, sailing vessel."

"Good-by," the sailing vessel said dreamily.

"That tug boat works too hard," said the sailing vessel. "Now today the tug boat should have taken a day off with me."

"Still the tug boat seems to enjoy working so hard and being so busy and making its own way everywhere. It's a good, sturdy hard worker."

The tug boat was off now, saying good-by in a rather shrill, business-like voice.

"I would have liked to have talked to sailing vessel," the tug boat said to itself. "But I think I'd not be happy for long being lazy."

"I have such an energetic nature!" On and on the tug boat went, carrying, pulling, tugging at the two great scows which came along afterward because tug boat simply insisted upon it.

They approached a draw-bridge later on, and tug boat called out in its tug boat fashion something which was meant for:

"Make ready, make ready, we're coming."

And then the man who stood by the draw-bridge turned the crank which made the bridge draw open and the center part divided itself so that half went up on one side and half on the other side, and there they stayed, suspended in the air while the tug boat went underneath.

For the tug boat and the scows would not have had room if the draw bridge had not done this.

On and on the tug boat went until its work was over.

But when its work was over it was all ready for another job.

For the tug boat didn't believe in leading a lazy life. It wouldn't have been a tug boat had it been lazy.

And back in the river the sailing vessel enjoyed a lazy, beautiful, idle day, sometimes staying quiet and sometimes rocking a bit in its river swinging, swaying, waving fashion.

"We boats are of all kinds certainly," the sailing vessel said to itself. "And our ways are very different."

Bed With Two Helpings

Buddy had watched a man putting up a bed with a box spring and mattress.

"Gee, that ought to be a swell bed with two helpings of mattresses," he remarked.

No Good as Indian

Uncle Jack asked little Celia if she didn't want him to play with her. "Oh, no," she said. "Cause you're soaped already."—United Press.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL
Sunday School
'Lesson'

(By REV. F. H. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for December 28

THE REVIEW—THE CENTRAL PERIOD OF CHRIST'S MINISTRY

GOLDEN TEXT—"He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."—John 14:9.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Things That Jesus Said and Did.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus Shows His Wisdom and Power.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Lesson of Jesus' Central Year.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Central Period of Christ's Ministry.

The best way to conduct the review for adults is to present the heart of each lesson. This can be done by making assignments to the members of the class a week ahead, or by asking all members of the class to prepare on each lesson and the teacher to skillfully draw the central teaching of the lesson from the class. The following suggestions are offered:

Lesson I. Having proclaimed the laws of the Kingdom and wrought miracles to demonstrate His power, to administer the affairs of the Kingdom, Christ sent forth the twelve to propagate the Kingdom. He had not only power over the chief foes of mankind, sin, sickness, demons, storms, etc., but could give that power to his disciples.

Lesson II. This is the model prayer for the disciples. "True prayer is the communion of the human personality with the divine personality. The supreme need is a right relationship on the part of the human. He must be able to say 'Our Father.' Without becoming a child of God through faith in Jesus Christ, no one can pray acceptably."

Lesson III. The parable of the sower teaches that the measure of fruitfulness from the sowing of the Word of God is determined by the condition of the human heart.

Lesson IV. Although Jesus was a real man and therefore needed rest after His strenuous day of teaching, He was also divine as shown by His power to still the stormy sea by merely speaking a word.

Lesson V. The parable of the Prodigal Son reveals the love of a pardoning God for a sinning race. The central interest is not in the return of a prodigal, but in the loving heart of our Father God.

Lesson VI. In this lesson we see Jesus feeding a multitude with very scanty provisions. It shows that He possesses creative power and therefore is God. While the creation of the food was the Lord's part yet the disciples had to distribute the food created; and on the part of the people it was necessary that they should obey the Lord and eat.

Lesson VII. The central teaching of Peter's confession of Christ is that Jesus is the Christ the Son of the living God.

Lesson VIII. In the transfiguration is portrayed the method of the messianic Kingdom as well as the message of the King to his discouraged disciples. He showed the discouraged and despondent disciples that beyond the cross which they so keenly resented would come into realization the Kingdom which they hoped for.

Lesson IX. The parable of the Good Samaritan teaches that my neighbor is the one who needs my help; and that being a neighbor means to be on the lookout for those in need and to render assistance to the limit of my ability.

Lesson X. The opening of the eyes of the man born blind is an acted parable illustrating in the physical sphere the working of divine grace in the spiritual sphere, as experienced in the salvation of a soul.

Lesson XI. The raising of Lazarus from the dead not only assures us that there will be a resurrection of the dead but that Jesus Christ is the resurrection and the life.

Lesson XII. God became incarnate in order to reveal Himself to the world. God can only be known as the Son reveals Him.

Religious Experience

Not every man who knows something about color is an artist, but a man can hardly be an artist without knowing something about color. Religious experience does not make one competent to deal with all the problems of life, but one cannot deal with them effectually without religious experience. That is why so many professed experts fail.—The Congregationalist.

Glad and Hearty Amen to All

When the heart soul is right, cultivated by the operation of the Holy Spirit, there is no questioning of God's dealings, neither direct, nor through His hands (His leaders), but a glad and hearty amen to all.—Echosa.

Sense of Duty

A sense of duty may not be the highest motive, but the best men are moved by it.—Herald and Presbyter.

Our Confession

We do not receive blessing because of our confession, but we are not blessed without it.—F. E. Marsh.

Ruled

The world is ruled by reason; the Christian is ruled by the wisdom of God.—The Living World.

J. ROY CESSNA
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Insurance Man
Bedford, Pa.

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Do you know that we install the ATWATER KENT Radio complete with no extras to buy?

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CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE—New and second hand harness of all kinds, buggies, carriages, wagons, sleds and sleighs. Stiver's Stables, Bedford, Pa.

Lots of room for tying in, feeding and caring for horses; Also room for parking cars.

Stiver's Stables,
Bedford, Pa.

WANTED—Chickens. Best market prices paid for large varieties. Hoffman Hotel, Bedford, Pa.

FOR RENT—furnished rooms. Mrs. J. C. Russell, Public Square, Bedford, Pa.

Sept. 26 to

WANTED—man with car to sell Rubber Specialties and other lines. For particulars, write Box 82 Mann's Choice, Pa. Dec. 26, Jan. 2

FOR SALE—J. B. Colts Acetylene Light Plant. Write or phone N. E. Otto, New Paris, Pa. Dec. 12, Jan. 2 *

WANTED—MAN—dependable and ambitious for this territory. Permanent position. Sales experience valuable but not necessary. No investment—old established firm—complete co-operation—opportunity for advancement. Write today for liberal proposition. Moore & Company, Newark, N. Y. Dec. 26 *

MEETING NOTICE

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bedford County Trust Co. of Bedford, Pennsylvania, will be held in its basement auditorium on Monday, January 5, 1925 between the hours of 10:30 A. M. and 1:00 P. M. for the purpose of electing Directors to serve for the year 1925 and to transact such other business as may properly come before such meeting, and also to accede to resolution to decrease the number of Directors from nineteen to seventeen.

C. A. Diehl, Sec.-Treas

FOR RENT—Desirable office space S. W. Pitt and Juliana, 2nd floor. \$15.00 per month. For additional information, see

I. Woodington,
Bedford, Pa.

HAPPINESS INSURANCE

THAT'S WHAT IT AMOUNTS TO WHEN YOU JOIN OUR Christmas Club

By paying a little every week through the year you accumulate a neat sum that will give you a very comfortable feeling early next December.

Start today. This means everybody.

We have fixed it to suit all pocketbooks.

Our teller will explain.

Hartley Banking Co.
BEDFORD, PA.

Catherman's

Business School
Cumberland, Md.

Offers high-grade Bookkeeping, Stenographic, Clerical, Secretarial Accounting and Salesmanship Courses.

Day school open all year.

The Students' Welfare Department has a number of openings for young women who wish to earn their board and room while attending school.

Winter term opens January 5.

Write us.
Dec. 12, Jan. 2

Prothonotary's Notices

The following Accounts have been filed in the Prothonotary's office and will be presented to the Court for Confirmation on Monday, January 19th, 1925

1. The Account of The Bedford County Trust Company Guardian of Eve Margaret Reighard of Bedford Township—a weak minded person.

2. The Account of Harrison Ritchey, Committee of Harvey E. Hetric—a weak minded person.

3. The Account of D. C. Reiley, Assignee of W. H. Layton and Verdie Layton, of Monroe Township.

4. The Account of D. C. Reiley Assignee of Ross E. Hammer and Lillian Russell Hammer of Napier Township

George R. Shuck,
Clerk of Courts.

CHICKEN AND WAFFLE SUPPER

Bedford Grange Aid Society will hold a Chicken and Waffle supper in Grange Hall near Cessna, New Year's evening, Jan. 1st, from 6 until 9:30. Everybody welcome. Secy.

Sheriff's Sales

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias and Levavi Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas to me directed there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bedford Borough, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1925

at 1:00 o'clock P. M. the following described property, viz:

Tract No. 1

All that certain tract of land lying in Allegheny Township, Somerset Co. Pa. beginning at a point in line of land now or late of Samuel Clark, thence by land now or late of Samuel Clark North 34 degrees East 280 perches to point in line of land now or late of Margaret R. Frazier, thence by same South 56 degrees East 250 perches to point in line of land now or late of Edward Burns, thence by same South 34 degrees West 280 perches to point in line of land now or late of John Taylor, thence by same North 56 degrees West 250 perches to place of beginning, containing 426 acres more or less, being the same lands conveyed to M. E. McNeal by Conrad Martin and John M. Topper Executors of Francis Martin and recorded in the office for the recording of Deeds in Somerset County, Pa., in Deed Book Vol. 176, page 572.

Tract No. 2

All that tract of land lying and being partly in Allegheny Township, Somerset Co. Pa. and partly in Bedford County, beginning at a post in road leading from the Pittsburgh Turnpike to New Baltimore, near the Bedford County line, thence by lands in right of Job Mann later Joseph Hull now M. E. McNeal south 73 degrees West 134 perches more or less corner of lands warranted in the name of Samuel Clark, thence by the latter South 34 degrees West 100 perches more or less to a post; thence by lands warranted in the name of William Anderson South 56 degrees East 138.5 perches more or less to point in line in New Baltimore road; thence by a division line through this tract along said road by the several courses and distances named in Deed from Emma Frazier to Elias Suhre et al; recorded at Bedford, Penn'a. North 30 degrees East 20.7 perches; North 33.4 degrees East 41 perches; North 9 1/2 degrees East 20 perches; North 5 1/2 degrees East 41 perches; North 26 1/2 degrees East 18 perches; North 9 1/2 degrees East 18 perches; North 6 1/2 degrees East 17 perches; North 34 1/2 degrees East 16.6 perches; North 2 1/2 degrees East 28 perches; North 27 degrees East 11.5 perches; North 14 degrees East 4.2 perches to place of beginning containing 120 acres more or less. Being the same conveyed to M. E. McNeal by Margaret R. Frazier and recorded in the office for the recording of deeds in Bedford County, Pa. in Deed Book Vol. 119 page 308.

Tract No. 3

All that certain tract of land situate in Bedford and Somerset Counties on Bedford and Stoyestown Turnpike now State Road on the eastern slope of the Allegheny Mountain, Beginning at a stone corner thence by other lands of the party of the first part hereto South 20 degrees West 220 perches to post; thence by land known as the Danaker land North 73 degrees West 132 perches to White Oak; thence North 31 degrees West 53 perches to a post; thence North 28 degrees East 43 perches to post; thence North 52 degrees East 23 1/2 perches to post; thence North 79 degrees East 79 perches to post; thence North 14 1/2 degrees West 50 perches to a post; thence North 66 degrees West 20 1/2 perches to a post thence North 18 degrees East 16 1/2 perches to a Post; thence North 38 1/2 degrees East 60 perches to a post; thence North 32 degrees East 25 perches to a pine stump; thence North 20 1/2 degrees East 79 perches to a Rock Oak; thence North 75 degrees East 24 perches to a post; thence South 11 degrees West 16 1/2 perches; thence East 15 perches to stones. thence South 21 degrees. 48 perches to Lynn on North side of State Road to place of beginning, containing 150 acres more or less. Recorded in the Office for the recording of Deeds in Somerset County Penn'a. in Deed Book Vol. 175 page 251. Being the same land conveyed by Joseph Hull to M. E. McNeal, who conveyed the same to the present Mortgagee.

Tract No. 4

All that certain tract of land situate in Juniata Township, Bedford County, Penn'a. beginning at a point on the East side of the Lincoln Highway at corner of land now or late of Samuel Bittner; thence by same North 75 degrees East 102 perches to a point thence still by same in line of land of Henry McKinney and James Frazier North 5 degrees East 263 perches to a Chestnut, thence South 82 1/2 degrees West 67.5 perches to a White Oak; thence South 10 degrees West 39.4 perches to a Chestnut, thence South 15 degrees West to a White Oak; thence South 17 degrees West 74 perches to a post corner of other land of the present Grantor herein, formerly the Joseph Hull tract thence by same East 18 perches to stones; thence by same South 21 degrees East 48 perches to a Lynn; thence still by same South 17 degrees West 112 perches to place of beginning the same locally known as the "Shot Factory Tract" and containing 151 acres and 28 perches neat measure. The same being conveyed to M. E. McNeal by John Benz recorded in the Office for the recording of Deeds in and for the County of Bedford Book No. 119, page 147. Having erected thereon 1 large 5 room stone 4 story dwelling with large colonial porch and 2 baths 1 Cottage, 4 rooms and 2 baths, a barn garage, chicken house, dog kennel and large swimming pool.

Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Percy Allen Rose, terre tenant, defendant.

All of the defendant's right, title and interest in a certain tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Woodbury in the County of Bedford and State of Pennsylvania. Bounded on the North by lands of Leidy's heirs on the South by Newcomer on the East by lands of B. R. Brumbaugh and on the West by S. K. Whittier. Containing 15 acres 101 perches more or less. Having thereon erected a 5 room dwelling, stable and necessary out-buildings.

Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jane Rightnour, Defendant.

All of the defendant's right, title and interest in a lot of ground lying and being in the Township of Mann, County of Bedford and State of Pennsylvania. Bounded on the North by G. W. Pool on the East by G. W. Pool on the South by the Township School Lot and on the West by the Township School lot, having thereon erected a two story frame building 20x40 feet, and an Ice House. Containing 1-2 acre more or less.

Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Thos. J. Tewell, Defendant.

TERMS: The price for which the property is sold must be paid at the time of sale, or such other arrangements made as will be approved, otherwise the property will immediately be put up and sold at the risk and at the expense of the person to whom it was first sold, who, in case of deficiency at such resale, shall make good the same, and in no instance will the deed be acknowledged unless the money is actually paid to the sheriff. Purchasers who are lien creditors must secure a certified list of liens for the sheriff in order to apply the amount of bids or any part thereof on their liens.

Sale to commence at one o'clock p. m. of said day.

Sheriff's Office, Bedford, Pa.

JASPER LUMAN, Sheriff

Dec. 26—

Register's Notices

The following administrators' executors' and guardians' account have been filed in the Registers' Office for confirmation, on Monday January 19, 1925.

1. The first and final account of Minerva E. Nave, executrix of the last will and testament of Hosea S. Nave, late of Cumberland Valley Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

2. The first and final account of John H. Little, Jr., executor of the last will and testament of John H. Little, late of Bedford Borough, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

3. The first and final account of W. G. Lear, administrator and trustee to sell the real estate of Mary A. Feathers, late of Kimmel Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

4. The first and final account of W. P. Griffith, trustee to sell the real estate of Cydney G. Shaffer, late of Union Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

5. The first and final account of Mary Elizabeth Mock, administratrix of the estate of Barbara Fyock, late of West St. Clair Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

6. The account of Mary Shipley May, executrix of the last will and testament of William Lewis May, late of Southampton Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

7. The account of Cyrus J. Ward administrator of the estate of Rebecca Hixon, late of Monroe Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

8. The account of Cecil Clark, administrator, c. t. a., of the estate of Harriet McDaniel, late of East Providence Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

9. The first and final account of Howard T. Wright, executor of the last will and testament of Margaret Oyler, late of West St. Clair Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

10. The first and final account of James E. Blatchford, administrator of the estate of Frank Rushin, late of Broad Top Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

11. The account of E. W. Van Horn, administrator of the estate of Susie VanHorn, late of Snake Spring Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

12. The first and final account of J. S. Pleacher, administrator of the estate of Katie A. Crouse, late of Bedford Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

13. The first and final account of Charles McFarland, executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth McFarland, late of Everett Borough, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

14. The first and final account of Thomas J. Hickey, executor of the last will and testament of Margaret Hickey, late of Saxton Borough, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

15. The first and final account of Irvin A. Miller, administrator of the estate of Lester Miller, late of East St. Clair Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

16. The first and final account of Esther Deffbaugh, administratrix of the estate of Albert R. Deffbaugh, late of East Providence Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

17. The first and final account of Ralph Hoover, executor of the last will and testament of Andrew Grimes, late of West Providence Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

18. The first and final account of W. H. Clouse and N. F. Clouse, administrators of the estate of Lydia A. Feight, late of Woodbury Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

19. The first and final account of B. Frank Whetstone, administrator, c. t. a., of Simon F. Whetstone, late of Everett Borough, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

(Signed) Ella M. Stewart,
Register.

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

Bedford Garage

"Abraham Lincoln"

We are Proud - -

of this chance to bring his great life before you---to show him from early youth, rising, fighting, plugging with soul of iron to the top!

The greatest motion picture from America's greatest man!

Thursday---Friday---Saturday

January 1, 2, 3

Matinee on Thursday and Saturday at 2.30 p. m.

Richelieu Theatre

Bedford, Pa.

SCHELLBURG

Cold weather near the zero mark is the condition of the weather here at present.

Ross Williams spent some time recently visiting at the Wright home near Alum Bank.

T. H. Rock is now employed as plasterer at the new school building at Bedford.

Geo. Ferguson of Spring Hope was here recently buying up buckwheat and a number of our farmers sold at \$2.00 per hundred pounds.

Miss Mary Keyser who has been attending school at Harrisburg is home for the holidays.

Several young men of Bedford are here now installing a new steam heating plant for W. C. Keyser.

C. B. Culp landed several fine pike at Wolfsburg on Thursday last—the fine spring day.

Lloyd Frazier was transacting business here today.

Mr. Daugherty and family of Shanksville spent a short time recently at the Frank Snively home.

Fred Hankison of New Baltimore called on friends here Monday evening.

Fred Colvin and Miss Mary Auckler attended the movies at Bedford Saturday evening.

Several of our energetic men are in a rumor and expect to investigate in the hunting and locating of hidden treasures. Nuf Ced.

Fred Moore and Mr. Blackburn of New Paris were recent callers here in our burg.

John Frazier of Pinnacle Point was a business visitor here today.

Vernon Kinzey and Dalton Van Ormer captured several fine skunks recently. Birdie knows how to catch the cat.

John Scheller spent a day or so

at Cumberland, Md. recently.

Glenn Long and wife of near Haskin spent Saturday evening in our town.

ROUND KNOB

Carlos O'Neal who has been working for the Electric Wire Company has returned home for Christmas.

Annie Walters who has been on the sick list is reported some better.

Charley Wright and son Frank visited at the home of Wade H. Figard on Sunday last.

John Smith who has been confined to the house for a day or so with a heavy cold is able to be around again to perform his duties on the road. He has made some very good improvements on the road this fall.

Earl Thomas has purchased a new Ford Coupe the past week and has been making good use of it.

C. C. Foster who has been confined to the house for a while is getting as well as can be expected. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Mrs. Mike Goworty who has been on the sick list is getting along as well as can be expected.

Ibert S. Figard had a very fine turkey taken on last Friday night. We presume it knew Christmas was coming and took a visit.

Calvin Foster's horse who had been sick for a couple of days is getting some better.

Amelia L. Figard visited at the home of Harvey Clark on Sunday last.

Elizabeth Davis is reported on the sick list at this writing. We hope for her speedy recovery.

Jasen Eshelmen spent Saturday in Pittsburgh transacting legal business.

Noama Mort of Coaldale spent Friday last with her sister Mrs. Raymond Figard.

Watson Walters of Pittsburgh spent Friday and Saturday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Barton Walters returning home Sunday evening.

Nettie Thomas who was confined to the house with Lagrippe is able to be at Sunday School again.

FRIEND'S COVE LUTHERAN PASTORATE

Rev. Mervyn J. Ross, pastor
St. James: S. S. 9:30; worship 10:30
Bortz: S. S. 1:30; worship 2:30.